

Mental illness:
hidden foe
of
New Canadians

COVER: JOHN LITTLE The Quebec City-to-Lévis ferry

How Paul Anka crashed Tin Pan Alley at fifteen

DAVIE FULTON: THE SECOND MOST POWERFUL TORY

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PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- ✓ Atom power to compete with coal in 3 years?
- ✓ Despite the radiation scare, more TB X-rays
- ✓ What to expect in the year's biggest oil story



Model Milne: *sack too radical*

AN INCIPIENT FEUD IS BUILDING in the Canadian art world. Traditional artists, who'll be left biting their nails when we show only "painters who have made their mark since World War II" at the Brussels World Fair next summer, feel mutinous. "Our older painters still have powerful statements to make," says **Carl Schaefer**, director of painting and drawing at Ontario College of Art. "The National Gallery is playing safe by ignoring them, sending only international (i.e. abstract) work to Brussels." But National Gallery director **Alan Jarvis** reasons, "Europeans know all about the Group of Seven. They'll want to see our new men and our new ideas." Counters old-line RCA member **William Winter**: "Most abstract painting is junk. The Brussels choices reflect a limited attitude."

HAPPY ENDINGS will be iron-clad certainties from now on with CBS' **Studio One**. The well-rated drama series moves from New York to Hollywood to start a new contract with sponsor Westinghouse (see **Background**). Main clause of the '58 contract: no sad endings.



Lewis

"WITHIN THREE YEARS WE EXPECT to design atomic reactors to compete for commercial power markets with coal at \$8 a ton," Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd. VP and research director **W. B. Lewis** informs Maclean's in an exclusive interview. The occasion: Lewis' appointment by the World Bank as chairman of a six-man panel of the Western world's top-ranking nuclear scientists, which will oversee design of a large nuclear power plant for southern Italy. Lewis forecasts that by 1980 nuclear power plants may account for at least 15% of Canada's electrical generating capacity.

EXPECT FASTER X-RAYS WITH LESS RADIATION following the recent round of scare headlines about the danger of overexposure. But we won't follow the U.S. in such things as banning the use of fluoroscopes by chiropodists (N.Y. State starting Jan. 1), discouraging traveling TB X-ray trucks. **Health Minister Monteith** plans "no similar action"; the National Sanitarium Association's **Dr. H. McClintock** says the scare "has actually helped" the anti-TB program in two ways: 1) the NSA will rush into use a new mirror-camera with a new miniature film, cutting exposure time in half and reducing radiation danger 75%; 2) introduction of a new inoculation test will be speeded up.

WHEN THE CPR JUMPS INTO THE OIL BUSINESS this year, credit American shareholders with needling the railroad into action. They've been sharply critical of leaving the vast and potentially oil-rich CPR land holdings unexploited. They'll have their way. Watch for these developments in '58's biggest oil story. First, appointment of a top-ranking oil expert as a CPR vice-president. Then, formation of a separate but CPR-owned oil company. Reason for forming a separate company: to take advantage of the oil industry's depletion write-offs in corporation, shareholder income tax.

WATCH FOR

A CANUCK'S STRIKE AT GOLF'S POT OF GOLD
A REBORN STAR / A POLITICIAN'S COMEBACK



Al Balding Diana Maddox

MAN TO WATCH: When Maclean's phoned lanky (6 ft. 3 in.) **Al Balding** just before he teed off in the Havana Open golf tournament early in December, he said he was through "beating himself" by letting tension crack up his game. These days, he said, he "shoots the same round for \$10,000 as I shoot for fun." At the tournament's end Balding was tied for first place. He won it all on the pressure-charged first extra hole. The Havana prize money boosted his winnings for the year above \$30,000, made him the most successful Canadian professional golfer in history. Next year experts are tipping him to better his sixth-place finish among all golf money-winners.

WOMAN TO WATCH: Old Vic actress **Diana Maddox**, wife of Canadian concert pianist-turned-jazzman **Wray Downs**, who was cold-shouldered for three months by Toronto producers after landing here from London a year ago. When the breaks came they came fast: after a rash of roles here and in New York she stars Dec. 29 as Solveig in CBC-TV's 90-minute spectacular, *Peer Gynt*. On Feb. 12 she opens in London, Ont., a star in the Stratford Festival touring company that will play Toronto, Montreal and New York with *Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *The Broken Jug*.

POLITICIAN TO WATCH: Down but not out after his defeated bid for a second term as Montreal's mayor, **Jean Drapenu** will take to the hustings this month in the eastern townships of P.Q. to buttress his candidacy for the leadership of the Quebec Liberal Party, to be vacated this year by **Georges Emile Lapalme**. Drapenu, who's been holding his Civic Action League in Montreal together for the day he steps into the provincial arena, is the strong-man among contenders for the Liberal leadership.

FESTIVAL PREVIEW

Vancouver goes all-out for art

WALKING IN WHERE ANGELS and impresarios have never even thought of treading, Vancouver will tilt with Edinburgh next summer for the distinction of mounting the world's greatest festival of the arts. But Vancouver's design is even grander: "By presenting the highest achievements of each culture, we intend to become the artistic hub between Europe, America and the Orient," declaims artistic director Nicholas Goldschmidt.

To do it, the privately backed Vancouver Festival Society will spend \$400,000 to assemble 350 Canadian artists and 50 more from around the world on the city's stages between July 19 and August 16, hope to draw a sell-out audience of 120,000 at a dollar to \$4.50 a seat. Glittering names, pace, scope and variety are the drawing-cards. German-born, world-famous maestro Bruno Walter will conduct the opening-night symphony; Montreal-born Metropolitan Opera baritone George London will sing the lead in *Don Giovanni*; the exotic National Dancers of Ceylon will make their premiere performance on this continent.

Closest counterpart is Edinburgh's festival; playing to a record audience of 130,000 in its 11th season last year it rang up a record deficit. "We'll lose money too. Festivals always do," says Vancouver's administrative director Peter Bennett, manager from 1955 to '57 of Stratford's annual tribute to Shakespeare. But deficits hold no terror: even now Vancouver is lining up talent for the 1959 season. This year:

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS: The Festival Orchestra. Conductors are: **Bruno Walter**, **William Steinberg** of the Pittsburgh Symphony, Vancouver Symphony's **Irwin Hoffman**.

SOLOISTS: Canadian singers **Lois Marshall**, **Maureen Forrester**,

Jon Vickers, Leopold Simoneau, Pierrette Alarie, Canadian pianist Glenn Gould.



Playwright Sinclair director and head of the Royal Conservatory's opera school in Toronto.

DRAMA: The World of the Wonderful Dark, a tumultuous three-act west-coast Indian epic commissioned from Canadian playwright **Lister Sinclair**. Director **Douglas Seale**, just elected an associate director of London's Old Vic, hopes to cast entirely with Canadian actors.

FILMS: An international festival with feature, documentary, scientific, television and children's films; awards in the last four sections.

JAZZ: **Jack Teagarden**, other world-famous jazz musicians in a series of concerts.

COMPETITION: Two thousand-dollar prizes to Canadian composers for a symphonic and a chamber music work. The winning scores will be performed at the Festival.

Looking far afield for its audiences, Vancouver began in December a series of ads in the N.Y. Metropolitan Opera program.

The first drew about 100 enquiries, one from a woman who would come, she said, if the Festival could find her a hotel room close to both the local Anglican church and golf course.

—RAY GARDNER



Soprano Marshall

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA WITH BLAIR FRASER

Why there's new zest on the opposition benches



MORALE IS RISING on the opposition side as the first session of the twenty-third parliament draws to a close.

Not that anyone seriously thinks the Conservatives can be beaten in 1958. (A few Liberals say they believe this, but they don't sound as if they really mean it.) The common opinion still is that the Conservatives will gain ground, but it is no longer so common an opinion that they will gain a clear majority. Many people now predict that the election result will be another stalemate.

So far these prophets have little to document their case. A Gallup poll in November gave the Conservatives fifty percent of the popular vote more than the Liberals needed to win 171 seats in 1953. The poll confirmed what politicians knew already. All admit that the Conservatives are stronger now in all parts of Canada than they were in June, and that if an election were held tomorrow the government would win hands down.

But the election will not be tomorrow. Opposition parties now believe, as they did not believe two months ago, that the Tory tide is beginning to ebb. Each for its own reasons, but all with a zest they have lacked for many months, they are looking forward to battle.

The Liberals, who were by far the most dejected at the outset, are making the most notable recovery.

Parliament in October and early November was a painful place for Grits. Back-benchers had the humiliation of watching the Conservatives do the very things they themselves had wanted but had lacked the moral courage to demand — cash advances on farm-stored grain, a larger increase in old-age pensions, etc. As for the ex-ministers, they were as unskilled in opposition as the

Tories were in government, and they felt their ineptitude keenly.

But as time went on they learned the technique of opposition, and then they began to enjoy it.

Liberals now admit quite cheerfully that it was a good thing they were turned out of office. They know they were in too long. Looking across from the Speaker's left they can see many things they used to do wrong, and they are full of good resolutions. Said one former minister, only half in jest:

"When we come back after the next election we'll be a better government."

But he doesn't really want to come back with the next election. He knows the most the Liberals could win would be the kind of minority position the Conservatives hold now. With the economic outlook as bleak as it is, that could be a catastrophe. The Grits would rather visit it on the Tories than on themselves.

The CCF feels this as strongly as the Liberals do, if not more so. Even in opposition the CCF will have a hard enough time keeping itself separate from a defeated Liberal Party. If the Liberals were a minority government the Socialists' plight would be worse. How could they maintain their identity while keeping a Liberal government in office?

Until the last few weeks it was by no means certain that the CCF would do any such thing. The pipeline debate made CCFers doubt whether the Grits were still the lesser of the two evils. Television speeches by CCF leader M. J. Coldwell, damning the Liberals for their pipeline iniquities, did a great deal for the Conservative victory last June.

In the early weeks of the session CCFers made it clear that they had not forgiven the Liberals. "A plague on both your houses" was their motto

— Stanley Knowles, the Party Whip, declared it in those very words.

By December they had changed their minds. Again they had decided that the Conservatives were public enemy No. 1, and the Liberals a milder affliction. The things that turned them against the Tories were markedly similar to the things that had turned them against the Grits eighteen months before — a tendency to arrogance and to high-handed treatment of parliament.

When the prime minister said there would be no budget Knowles made the most scathing attack on the decision, recalling Diefenbaker's own damnations of a similar offense by D. C. Abbott ten years ago. (Diefenbaker had cited it as a "precedent.")

Social Crediters are less hostile than the CCF, but they too have become more unfriendly. They were upset by Conservative shilly-shallying about the export of natural gas, so important to the Social Credit government of Alberta. Solon Low has also agreed from time to time with CCF or Liberal critics of the government's handling of parliament.

But the biggest factor in the rise of opposition morale has been the behavior, not of the opposition parties themselves but of the government.

In the first six weeks of the session the Conservatives had an easy and peaceful time. They were introducing bills that nobody opposed and outlining plans that everybody favored. In these circumstances the government looked extremely good and its critics, more often than not, looked rather silly.

This period came to an end in December. Explaining their estimates in committee of the whole, or in the still more informal atmosphere of the small standing committees, the ministers began to look like the new boys they are. Sidney Smith, the most fabled new-

comer of them all, had a particularly bad time in the External Affairs Committee. Lester Pearson's questions were mild and gentle, and delivered with a smile; the only deadly thing about them was that the minister couldn't answer them.

About the same time the opposition made another exhilarating discovery: the prime minister could be goaded with comparative ease into a damaging loss of temper.

True, the occasion was a trying one. Paul Martin wanted a debate on unemployment, which the prime minister emphatically did not. Worse, this unmentionable subject was to be linked with another still less mentionable — the rumored reduction of the tax on motor cars, premature reports of which had caused several automobile plants to shut down.

Before Mr. Speaker finally accepted the Martin motion and the debate began, the prime minister was white and shaking with fury. When the House rose at six o'clock he was too upset to attend the parliamentary dinner in honor of L. B. Pearson, who was about to leave for Oslo to receive his Nobel Peace Prize. The PM excused himself, saying he had to prepare his reply to these unexpected assaults. But in the end he decided not to reply at all — it was left to John Hamilton, a parliamentary assistant, to wind up for the government.

Two days later a Liberal back-bencher needled the prime minister into another remark he regretted. Persistent questions about the meagre pensions of former CNR employees (a favorite topic of his own in previous years) provoked a hasty reply; it sounded very much as if the prime minister called CNR pensions "a matter of no importance." He didn't mean that, of course, but the opposition could get a rise out of him by repeating it.

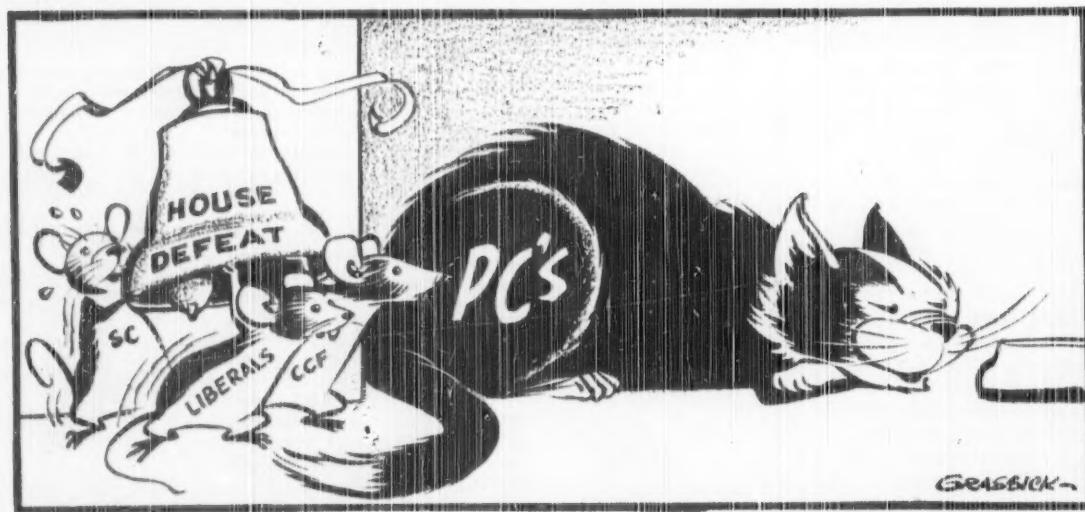
Altogether this Blue Monday altered the whole tone of the new parliament. Until then the session had been notable for its amiable temper. This was partly an achievement of the Speaker, Roland Michener, whose shatter-proof patience and good humor took the sting out of many an exchange that might have become nasty. Partly, though, it was the mood of parliament itself.

That mood has changed. Parties and individuals have developed a chronic annoyance with one another. To some extent this is a tactical calculation on the opposition side; on the government side it looks more like pure human irritation.

Not all of the irritation is directed across the chamber, either — this was another dismaying revelation of Blue Monday, and another new problem for the new government.

More than half of all Conservative MPs are new members. New members, especially on the government side, are always liable to develop feelings of disillusion and frustration, especially during their first session. The present crop is no exception, and Blue Monday was doubly blue for them. On Tuesday, old hands on Parliament Hill were shaken to hear the government criticized almost as loudly by its own supporters, in private, as it was by its opponents in public.

Whether any of this mood will be transmitted to the general public, or have any permanent effect at all, remains to be seen. Meanwhile, though, it has certainly done wonders for the opposition. ★



BACKSTAGE ON PARLIAMENT HILL

The men who run Canada: who are they, what's their training?

UNTIL THE LIBERALS SLIPPED there were two sure-fire federal election bets. Now there's only one: parties come and go but the core of political power stays in the hands of lawyers. They held 77 of the 265 seats in the previous house, hold 75 in this one. In St. Laurent's last cabinet the PM and 8 of his 18 ministers were lawyers; so Diefenbaker and 7 of his 22-man cabinet.

Farmers, in post-colonial days by far the most numerous group in the Commons, staged a rally in the present House almost as strong as the Conservatives'. With 23 seats in the last House, they came back to win 32 in this one. Salesmen with 18 seats, merchants and teachers with 17 each, are little changed from the previous House. Businessmen dropped three seats to 13; doctors gain-

ed one for a total of 8; journalists took a shellacking, losing half of their dozen seats, and so did engineers, dropping 6 of their 9.

One of the most puzzling categories in the Commons, active members who describe themselves as "retired," increased its strength from 8 to 9 including Defense Minister Pearkes. The rest of the seats are scattered: clergymen hold 4, dentists and architects 2 each. "Gentlemen" have a three-man contingent: PCs J. W. Murphy and Gordon Fraser and Liberal Leonard Stuck.

There is a butcher, Social Credit Charles Yuill, and a baker, Liberal Marcel Morette, in the House. But the members with the most unusual occupations are probably fire-fighter Murdo Martin, CCF member for Timmins, Ont., and Percy Noble, PC member for

Grey North, who runs a mink farm.

Smarting at talk that "senators are a lot of overpaid doddering old men who know little about legislating in the country's interests," Senator Rupert Davies has made his own list of senators' former occupations. In the Upper House, he says, financiers outnumber lawyers narrowly, 33 to 29. There are 25 businessmen, 10 farmers, 9 journalists, 6 doctors, 6 educationists, 3 who have interests in radio and television stations, a machinist, a printer and a dentist in the Red Chamber. Take-home pay: \$10,000 a year, the same as members of the lower house.



Mink man Noble Fireman Martin

Backstage WITH HOUSING / Is the crisis over?

WHILE THE SLUMP in housebuilding has been headline news for more than a year, the man-in-the-middle has had a tough time deciding what it means to him. If he rents, is he facing a stiff hike in rates caused by shortage of new apartments? If he owns, what is the slump doing to the value of his property? If he's out to buy, is he being hit for higher prices because there aren't enough houses to go around? The answer to all three questions: it depends on where he lives.

Nationally, rents are continuing the upward creep they started over a decade ago; at year's end they are about 38% above the 1949 average. Home owners' costs are only 31% higher, but they're on the same escalator.

Yet in Toronto rents are up more than 50%; tenants are scrambling for scarce lower-priced units while many new buildings have standing vacancies in the luxury \$150-200 class. There are 50% more unsold houses now than in peak '55, but most are in the \$20,000-and-up bracket. Meanwhile low-rental housing is going begging in

Saint John, N.B., with some landlords dropping low rents even lower, while higher-priced apartments still have waiting lists. Demand is strong for better-class homes, though high down payments are holding back sales.

Montreal, with stable rents and a good selection of accommodation, "hasn't had a housing crisis for at least two years." House sales, too, are on a firm volume-and-price plateau. Supply is good, down payments haven't increased much, starts in '57 equaled '56.

But in Vancouver, rooming-house operators are charging "shot-gun" rents often 40% higher than a year ago. New-house prices are up 5 to 10%, some realtors won't talk to you if your down payment is less than \$4,000. Starts were down sharply this year.

Prices are tied so closely to local conditions that a province-by-province breakdown would be misleading. But here's a spot-check of the housing situation in a few other key cities:

Edmonton: House prices are up as much as 15%, down payments are high. Starts were down 50% in '57, indicating

a shortage ahead. Rents are pushing up and there are record waiting lists for better-class apartments. Low-cost rental developments have "terrific" demand but they're holding the price line at about \$65 for three-bedroom suites.

Calgary: There's been a 5% rise in house prices with "very high" down payments asked. New-house starts are down about 20%. Competition for rental units is brisk but prices are holding.

Saskatoon: Here are the most favorable conditions in the country for house buying. House starts are up 30%, average prices may be down. New houses have risen slightly with materials and labor, but older dwellings are selling for 10-15% under '55 prices. Rental demand is firm, prices stable.

Winnipeg: House prices are up slightly, down payments very high. Starts are 50% below peak '55 (against 6% under for entire prairie region). Rents are stable with some bargains; landlords sometimes offer a month's free rent to new tenants. But a local CMHC official believes "all classes of housing will be scarce by next winter."

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Backstage WITH THE FLAG DEBATE / More interest, more designs, more confusion

ONE OF THE OLDEST ISSUES in our national life is springing back stronger than ever. Stimulated by Prime Minister Diefenbaker's personal interest and the expectation that a joint Senate-Commons committee will be set up this year for a full-dress study, original designs for a national Canadian flag are flooding Ottawa at a 200-a-month clip.

As always, anything goes with the would-be designers. They send outlines sketched, painted or embroidered on exercise books, tablecloths, bedsheets, linoleum backs, wrapping paper and old sails. A few have even flown their flags from regulation poles and sent them in complete to the Secretary of State's department where there are already 45,663 candidates in the vault.

Among the school children, crackpots, service clubs and heraldry experts jockeying for the honor of flying their flags over Canada are such bizarre in-

dividuals as Ernest Schallenbaum of San Francisco. "Canada Ernie," as he signs himself, urges a U.S. ensign with a few stars added to stand for the Canadian provinces.

Each suggestion is politely acknowledged, then filed. But none so far has come close to the fresh and joyous spoof that's one of the props of the McGill revue, *My Fur Lady* (see cut).

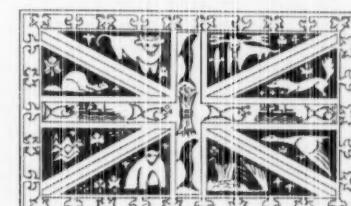
The flag Canada flies now is really our merchant shipping ensign, designat-

ed as our "proper national colors" by the Canada Shipping Act. Canada was without a separate flag of any kind until 1924, when the sea ensign was flown over Canada House in London. It was first shown here at Edmonton in 1943, when a distinctive flag was needed to identify Canada's special commissioner for defense projects on the joint Canada-U.S. Alaska highway. An order-in-council dated September 1945 adopted it officially as Canada's flag.

Our next, and distinctively Canadian, flag will most probably be designed by Lt. Cmdr. Alan Beddoe, OBE, RCN(R), the Ottawa expert who recently changed our national crest and whose staff drew the books of remembrance now in the House of Commons.

"The Canadian flag," heraldry student Beddoe firmly believes, "should be a signal of identification which states tersely the identity of our country."

—PETER NEWMAN



Fur Lady flag: something for everyone

Background

- ✓ The PM's secret sorrow
- ✓ Raw deal for new citizens?
- ✓ No facts for Freud's kids

His compelling oratory has probably contributed as much to the political success of **John Diefenbaker** as any single factor. "But not many know about the one thing that still bothers him," the prime minister's brother Elmer told Maclean's in Saskatoon recently. "That was his defeat, in his last two years in high school, for the gold medal awarded the best orator. He ran second to Douglas Cumming; then to his best friend, Hugh Aird, who later saved his life in World War I."

With more New Canadians becoming citizens than ever before (90,000 last year, 150,000 in '58) the Canadian Citizenship Council has surveyed 137 naturalization ceremonies, found them "stuffy" and even "grim." Here are some other findings: 27 started late; 81 gave new citizens no chance to speak; 27 included no word of welcome; 56 brushed off the new citizens without an after-ceremony reception. The council will press for these reforms: 1) take the ceremonies out of dingy courtrooms, into community centres; 2) hold more ceremonies with fewer people; 3) advertise them to give native Canadians a chance to attend; 4) establish uniform procedures. (For more on New Canadians, see article by Sidney Katz on page 9.)

Shilly-shallying fathers will be heartened to learn that even **Sigmund Freud**, whose name is synonymous with unshackling sex taboos, couldn't bring himself to instruct his children in the facts of life. His eldest son, Martin, tells the story in a forthcoming book, *Reflected Glory*: "There had been a discussion in the family about cattle when it became clear to father that none of his children knew the difference between a bullock and a bull. 'You must be told these things,' father had exclaimed; but, like the majority of fathers, he had done nothing whatever about it."

Only our vaunted modesty has kept Canadians from boasting before now about the world's smallest town, Ojibway, Ont. The title is beyond dispute. Ojibway was incorporated in 1937 by company charter to Canadian Steel Corp. The resident population at the last (1956) census: zero. It soared when a couple with two kids moved in not long ago, but Ojibway keeps its title hands down.

Arthur Hailey's one-hour thriller, *Course for Collision* (seen on CBC-TV last spring), was bought by CBS' Studio One, then axed before production. The plot hinges on a Russian plane slipping through the radar curtain. The U.S. Air Force, a good client of sponsor Westinghouse, applied the veto. Why? Such a thing, said the USAF, just couldn't happen.

Editorial

If it debunks the "leader fetish" Ike's frailty may bolster the West

Early in 1941, when the new year looked even less propitious than 1958 does now, a Canadian had a chat with a refugee from Hitler's Germany. He was astonished to find her a warm admirer of Prime Minister Mackenzie King.

"Do you really think," he said, "that this elderly spinster is the right man to be Canada's war leader?"

The refugee shivered a little. "Please don't use that word," she said. "In our language it means *Führer*."

The conversation came back to mind during the recent outburst of panicky talk after President Eisenhower's stroke. Aren't we making a little too much of this undoubted misfortune?

Of course it is regrettable—that goes without saying. As a man President Eisenhower has the respect and affection of millions in all allied countries, and we're all sorry he is ill. It's also unlucky that the men who must carry on the president's job for him (whether openly or not) are bound to be personally, politically and constitutionally insecure as long as Mr. Eisenhower retains office. The tasks and the problems that were hard enough before have become even harder.

But some who talk about "the crisis of leadership" go much further. To them the frailty of two old men in two key countries, the United States and West Germany, seems to be a symbol or even a symptom of frailty in Western society.

Surely this is preposterous. Our safety does not depend on any one man's arterial system. If we had begun to think it did, and apparently some of us had, President Eisenhower's illness may in the end do us more good than harm. It may keep us from becoming hypnotized, and paralyzed, by the fetish of leadership. Democracy does not work on the leadership, or *Führer*, principle. In a democracy people who think themselves indispensable come quickly to a bad end.

Canada has just demonstrated this point in her own internal affairs. Last summer a reasonably competent government of Canada was turned out and replaced by a group of men who had shown themselves, in opposition, to be a commonplace and even second-rate lot. One reason for this upset—and a more than sufficient one, in our view—was that the competent incumbents had begun to fancy themselves indispensable. For this delusion of grandeur they got what they deserved. Their apparently commonplace and second-rate rivals in turn got what they deserved—an opportunity to rise above their unpropitious record and begin rehabilitating the process of democracy.

Maybe it is time to apply the same logic to international affairs. Though all men of good will must feel the personal tragedy of Dwight D. Eisenhower, all men of sense and prudence must also feel—as we are sure Eisenhower himself feels—that the destiny of free people can never depend on one man or one small group of men.

Mailbag

- ✓ Birth control: is it an offense against the soul?
- ✓ Rousing (?) reception for royalty reporter Callwood
- ✓ Maybe we need recreation programs for adults

The Great Birth Control Trial (Nov. 23) seems to give all the "needed" publicity to those who prosper by the production and sale of contraceptive devices. Who has the right to deny the experience of life to a child who would have come to this world if not for contraceptives used by its parents? A man is not born for this world only but also the world that exists for his immortal soul after death. And I hope that we who call ourselves Christians still believe in the supernatural life.—MRS. HELEN GOLOB, WILLOWDALE, ONT.

The Queen's visit: no circus?

I have just read in Maclean's (Dec. 7) an article by some *unknown female* named June Callwood who Looks Back on the Royal Tour. It is in the height of bad taste that a nobody should dare to express her uneducated opinion about the Queen of Canada. How you have the audacity to say that she is "one of Canada's most brilliant reporters" is beyond me. An atrocious article.—A. EMSLEY CARE, MONTREAL.

✓ Congratulations! June Callwood on your clever coverage of the Queen's visit. Your words were alive and I enjoyed every one. May we have more.—MRS. LOUISE DEAN, CALGARY.

✓ I enjoyed June Callwood. I don't think I will ever forget the "potted palm pecker" or the elite members of the



press who were allowed to peer from the pantry.—MRS. LUCILLE MAXWELL, VANCOUVER.

✓ The article was flippant and in poor taste. The vapid utterances credited to other "observers" did little to raise the calibre of the press. No, Miss Callwood, it was not a circus. It was a great historical occasion. Her Majesty the Queen came to Canada to open parliament. This she did with dignity. The grace and charm displayed by the Queen on every appearance won the loyalty and affection of all her subjects.—MR. AND MRS. C. F. R. DALTON, SIDNEY, B.C.

✓ It has left one impression—the meanness, rottenness and hypocrisy of certain elements of the human race. The article tears open with microscopic vividness every waking moment of the life and movements of Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip to a degree unexampled in the treatment of guests in our midst, royal or otherwise. Let me say at once no criticism is directed against June Callwood who merely tells a story, incredible as it is.—G. HEIDMAN, OTTAWA.

✓ To use an old and vulgar expression, the writer missed the boat. Her preoccupation with the vulgar and selfish demands of commercialism has apparently blinded her to the finer things of life. I would suggest that much more good would be achieved on these visits if the blare of publicity from voracious news hounds were abolished. Let Her Majesty meet her people without a retinue of stuffed shirts, a galaxy of uniforms, bands, klieg lights, cameras, prying newsmen and women and all the rackets that surround a sensitive, thoughtful woman who has consecrated her life to her people.—M. N. MACPHERLAIN, WINNIPEG.

No recreation for grownups?

Robert Thomas Allen's story, But I don't want the New Leisure (Nov. 23), will be useful. There has been emphasis on recreation for children in Alberta but the adults have been overlooked too much.—B. R. J. TKACHUK, PONOKA, ALTA.

Versus occupational poet Moore

In reply to Mavor Moore (The Professions) with malice:

Just as complacent hunter follows spoor,
In safe pursuit of game that can't fight back,
So our poetic Nimrod, Mavor Moore,
Pursues his role as literary hack.

With versifying lance he has a ball,
Unhorsing those whose load is not their own,
His thrusts show less of talent than of gall—
He has no meat, who envies those with bone.

—H. F. HERBERT, OTTAWA.

More bravos for MacLennan

✓ MacLennan's philosophy re the East-West arms race shows that the man has courage, dignity and self-respect. It is unfortunate that our chosen leaders do not possess these same virtues. If they did, we would not be participating in a mad race to oblivion.—R. G. DYER, LONDON, ONT.

Farewell Florencia Bay

Florencia Bay (concluded Dec. 7) is the worst story I ever came across in a lifetime of reading. The literary style is elementary and unconvincing, the plot pointless and vague, the ending a masterpiece of absurdity.—IVOR C. GUEST, HINTON TRAIL, ALTA.

✓ I like it. It has a pioneering initiative, has a halfbreed problem, is Canadian, is non-American and is a little different. The weakest part is his placer mining technique. As a Yukoner it makes me wince, but it could be worse.—D. C. MCARTHUR, WHITE ROCK, B.C. ★

MACLEAN'S

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The cover

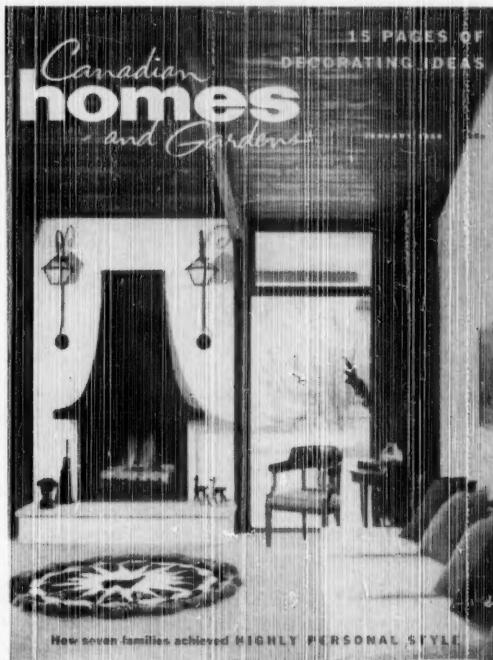
From his grandstand seat on Quebec City's ramparts artist John Little was entertained by a rinkful of hopeful Rocket Richards as he painted the wintry St. Lawrence and the sturdy ferries that scorn the menacing ice as they shuttle to and from Levis.

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, JANUARY 4, 1958

Decorate to Your Own Personal Style

SAYS CANADIAN HOMES AND GARDENS



Here are the photos and stories of seven families who did not follow a fashion or formula when decorating, but instead achieved a highly personal style — each as charming as it is different.

You'll see stark and dramatic modern for a small suburban bungalow . . . a 32-foot long living room converted from a meeting hall into a strikingly modern apartment, delightful for entertaining . . . a small city apartment furnished by young antique collectors . . . and a successful blending of New World and Old, set vividly in the Spanish mood.

See why Home Decorating Editor Margit Bennett says "we surrender our personal taste and with it a part of ourselves by following mass-produced fads or our neighbor's taste." Follow this 15 page feature now in Canadian Homes and Gardens.

ALSO IN THIS MONTH'S ISSUE

What's Wrong with Canadian Gardens and What to Do About It
by Vancouver's Desmond Muirhead

You'll want to try Madame Benoit's recipes for
Omelettes — Plain and Fancy

And you'll walk in the footsteps of British history as Family Travel visits
Inside the Stately Homes of Britain

JANUARY ISSUE

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A MACLEAN-HUNTER PUBLICATION

For the sake of argument



KATE AITKEN SAYS

Women are misfits in politics

All women who rejoice in the successes of other women — and legend to the contrary, they're far from non-existent — shared a good deal of pleasure and satisfaction last June when Ellen Fairclough became the first woman cabinet minister in Canadian history.

"At last," they said, "women are on the way to taking their rightful place in government. At last the country is beginning to realize that there's an important place in politics for women."

But is there? If you're talking about a world based on equity, justice, and common sense, there can be only one answer. But if you're talking of the world as it is, and of women and men as they are, the answer may very well be no. At any rate that is my answer. No matter how regrettably and grudgingly it has come, it's the conclusion I've been forced to after a lifetime spent largely in studying and reporting on the female of the species in her relation to the race at large.

Why I've never run for office

People of both sexes who resent this attitude no doubt will retort, "Sour grapes." To clear the record, twelve times during my life I have been asked to run for public office on the municipal, provincial and federal level. Twelve times my answer has been "no" and each time I've had reasons.

First of all let's give due credit to the public-spirited women now in the political field. On the whole they are dedicated women who run for office, endure the political campaign and emerge successfully because of a deep-rooted conviction that their contribution to the public good is necessary. But what happens when the election is over?

From my observation—and this is why I've never run for public office myself—the successful woman candidate can proceed in any

FOR YEARS MRS. AITKEN HAS BEEN A PROMINENT COMMENTATOR.

one of these four different ways:

She can attempt to be "one of the boys," her ambition being to be admitted to the back-room parleys. This seldom works out since if she drinks too much, smokes too much, or tells her own quota of off-color stories, she has defeated her own ends. Inevitably husbands run home to their wives with tall tales of how Mrs. X can hold her liquor and never queers the conference by being prudish. Then with great gusto they may recount the last funny story, slightly risqué, told by Mrs. X. In actual practice the men never take this woman colleague into their full confidence. The choicest bits of strategy are not fully explored until she has left the room.

Or the woman in public office can depend altogether on feminine support which means she is constantly surrounded by a coterie of sincere women such as herself. But she also has to contend with those women who want to get on the bandwagon of success. "This is a woman politician," they say, "and we must stand behind her." So in season and out of season, with reason or complete lack of it, everything that Mary does is right. Without adequate public-relations facilities, and not realizing the harm they do, they babble to newspaper reporters, friends and acquaintances. Scouting a good story, newspapers seize on every incident which highlights any difference of opinion, masculine vs. feminine. A sharp interchange of words which between two men would pass unnoticed, makes a headline in the war of sexes. Consequently the woman member of council or parliament is apt to acquire the undeserved reputation of a dyed-in-the-wool feminist with an unrealistic attitude toward the practical business of politics. Thus her friends who have helped elect her have now become not an asset but a liability. *continued on page 40*

London Letter



BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

Is Macmillan ready to step down?

It's tough at the top. That is not an elegant phrase but it has the double merits of brevity and clarity. And the more I study the British political drama the more I wonder that so many men are ready and eager to take upon themselves the burden of high ministerial office.

My memory goes back to the days when Ramsay MacDonald, hammered by the dissenters in his own party and patronized by the Tories who had captured him for their own devices, made a speech of such meandering incoherency that a socialist shouted, "For God's sake, sit down."

Then there was Neville Chamberlain, who was broken on the wheel because he bought time at Munich, and even Winston Churchill was so howled at during his Abdication speech that he strode out of the House in a black fury. Indeed, if it had not been for Adolf Hitler that moment might

have been the end of the Churchill story.

Now it is Harold Macmillan who faces such a sea of problems that he might well repeat what David Lloyd George said during his premiership: "A day in which I have to face only one crisis is like a day off."

Macmillan has a deceptive personality, so much so in fact that it sometimes seems as if he is puzzled by himself. A few weeks ago we were chatting together when he assured me that all his ministers were overworked but that he, as prime minister, had no department to administer and therefore was under no strain whatsoever. In fact, he implied that life for a prime minister was a sort of political siesta, punctuated by occasional alarms, excursions and noises off.

It is true that Macmillan has the solid virtue of character. He never

continued on page 43

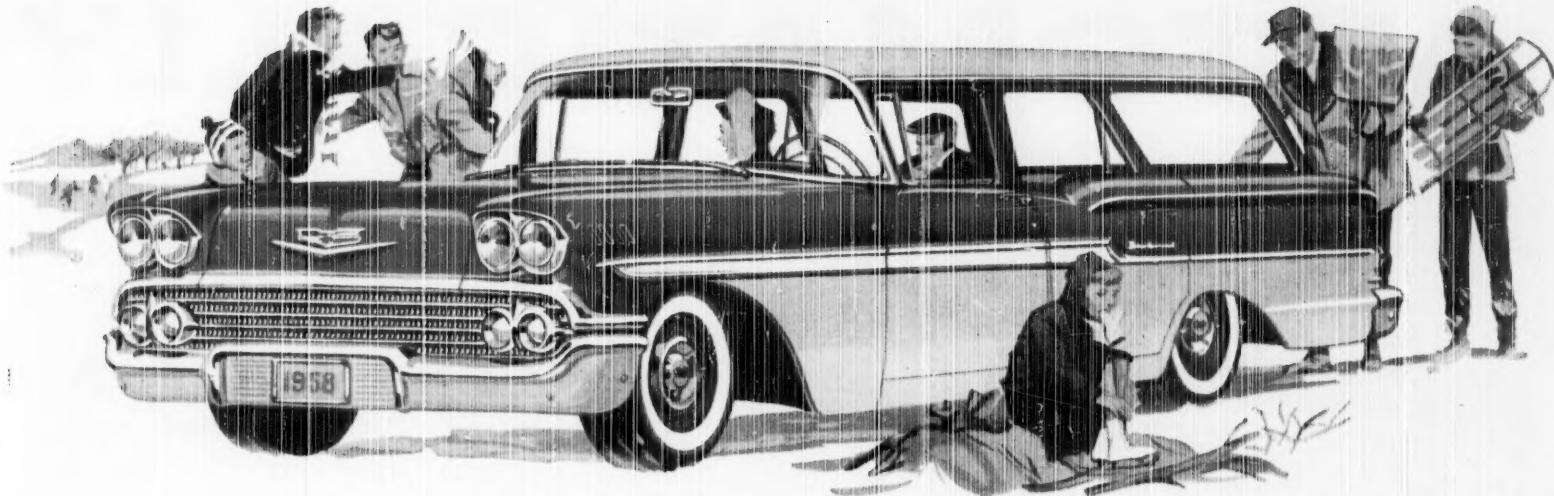
Britain's
PMs age and
sometimes crack
under killing
burdens and
bitter attacks



Lloyd George retired in a storm of abuse. MacDonald was hammered by own party.



Chamberlain resigned broken as "apeaser." Churchill suffered a stroke under strain. Macmillan is wearying as attacks grow.



Chevrolet Brookwood — 4-door 9-passenger

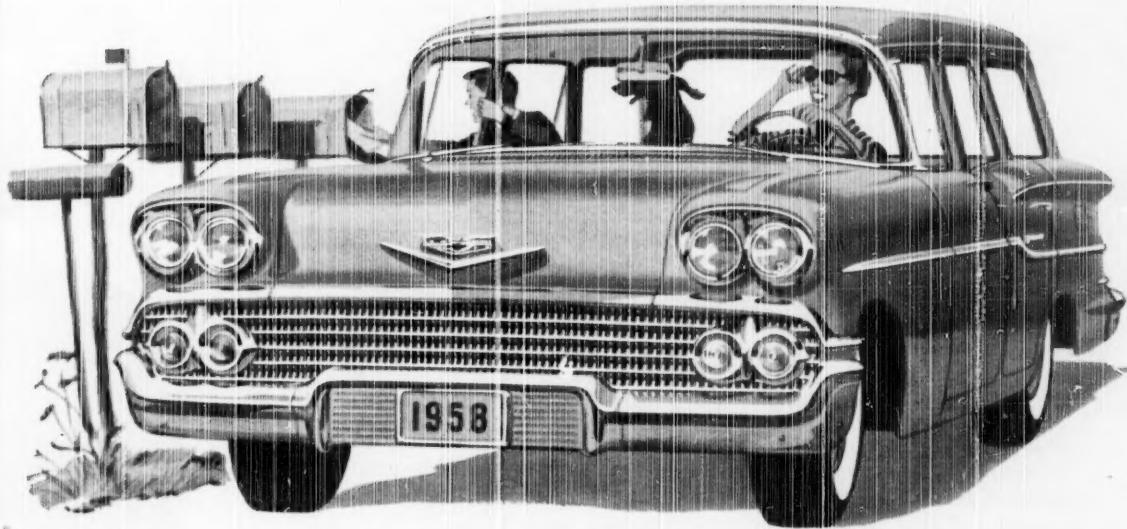
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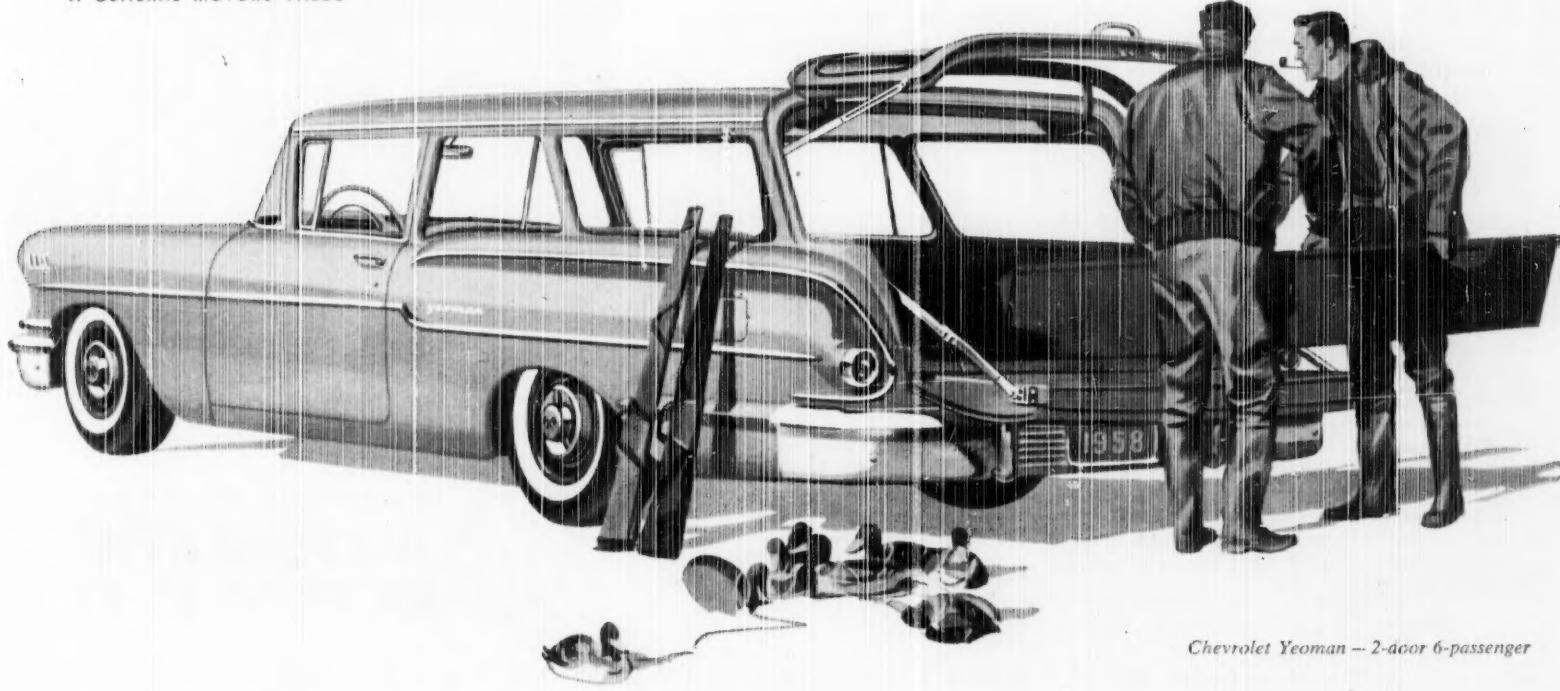
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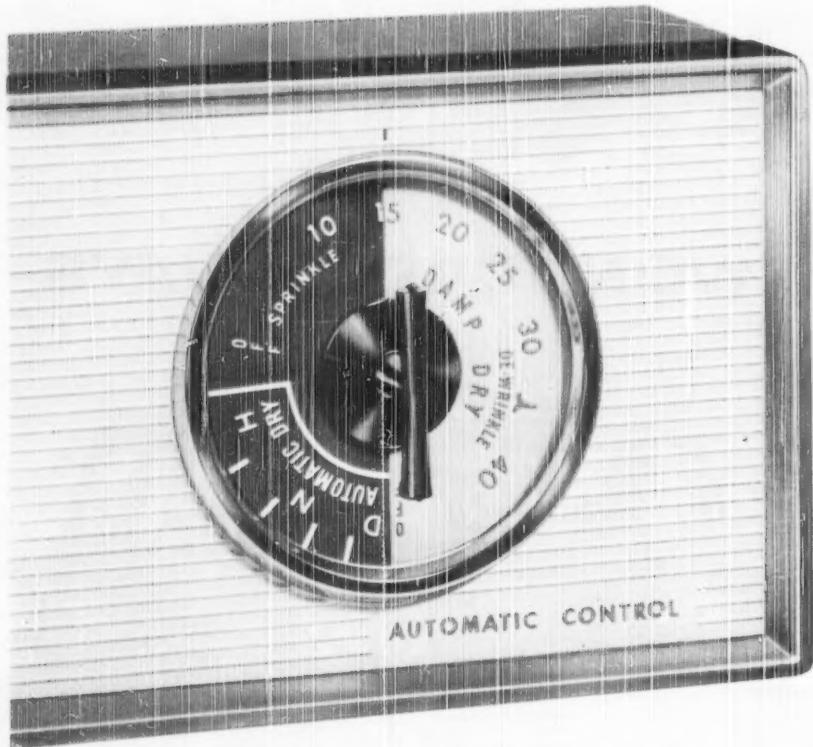
Chevrolet Yeoman — 4-door 6-passenger



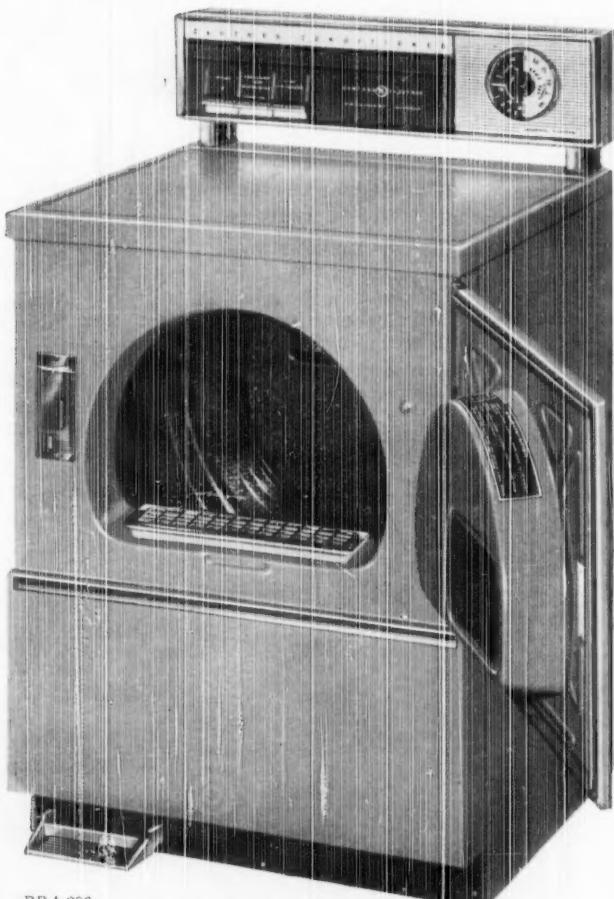
Chevrolet Yeoman — 2-door 6-passenger

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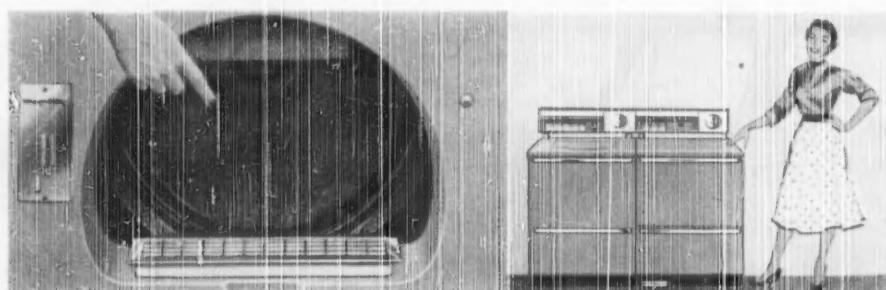


From wet to dry—in less than 35 minutes

Dial N... and a normal load of cottons and linens is dry in less than thirty-five minutes. Not only dry, but so wrinkle-free you can put most of your wash straight away without ironing.

Dial D... for all your delicate lingerie, silks, nylon and other fragile fabrics. All your precious articles are carefully pampered—and dried in only eight minutes.

Dial H... for beautifully finished chenille bed-spreads. Other heavy pieces—terry towels, rugs, jeans, blankets—all come out looking and feeling fresh, fluffy and brand new.



Right here, in this smooth-as-silk porcelain basket your clothes are treated to the new General Electric High-Speed Drying System—fast moving currents of warm air dry your clothes quickly, naturally, wrinkle-free. There's an automatic sprinkler, too, that dampens wash ready for ironing.

Your G-E Automatic Clothes Dryer has a special Air Freshener to give your clothes that spring-day freshness... and a De-Wrinkler that smoothes out wrinkles from wash-and-wear fabrics. See the Dryer and matching G-E Filter Flo washer now.

RDA-920
Canary Yellow, Turquoise, Satin White.



GENERAL ELECTRIC
**AUTOMATIC
DRYER**

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, JANUARY 4, 1958



Immigrant Nicholas Sakellariou, a 28-year-old Greek, walks Toronto's streets, his face reflecting the loneliness felt by New Canadians adjusting to an alien world.

How mental illness is attacking our immigrants

Loneliness, unemployment, the tough task of changing traditional ways—these obstacles are undermining the mental health of our million foreign-language immigrants.

This searching study suggests some concrete remedies

BY SIDNEY KATZ

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL ROCKETT

Ever since man began traveling the world in large numbers there has been potential pain, anger, misunderstanding and frustration in sudden mass movements of people. With this in mind, Canadian government authorities and mental hygienists have constantly been asking identical questions about the almost one and a half million people who have come to Canada during the last eleven years. They are particularly concerned about two thirds of the immigrants—those from non-English-speaking countries who don't know our language.

How are the New Canadians settling in?
Are they being accepted by the Canadians who arrived earlier or were born here?

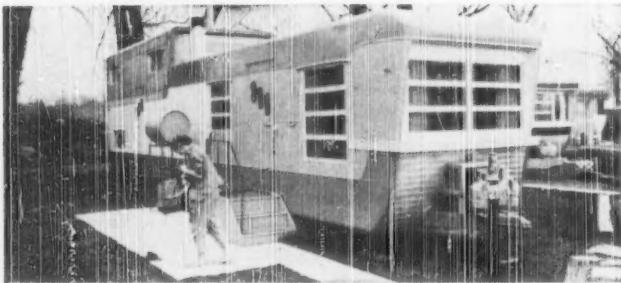
Has an undue proportion of them succumbed to mental illness?

Do they break the law more frequently than the rest of us?
In short, how well have the New Canadian families withstood the experience of being transplanted?

To find the answers to these questions, I recently spent several weeks talking to New Canadians and to people who have had a lot to do with them—immigration officials, welfare workers, employers, psychiatrists and clergymen.

The main conclusion will sound paradoxical to most people and startling to some. New Canadians have a lower crime rate than the national average. But their rate of mental illness is higher than the national average—perhaps alarmingly higher.

The vast majority of New Canadians are law-abiding, working at regular jobs and beginning to put down roots in Canada. Many of them, however, complain that this undramatic set of facts has been obscured by the widespread publicity given to individual acts of misbehavior. Frank Glogowski, editor of a Toronto Polish weekly paper, says, "Every time one of our people gets into trouble the papers use the word 'Pole.' They don't identify a native offender as a 'Canadian.' All our people are not angels but this way the wrong impression is created." Glogowski also points out that any *continued on page 44*



DOUBLE-DECKER, owned by the Warrens of Pleasant Valley Tourist Court, outside Toronto, cost \$10,000. It boasts two bathrooms.



ALL THE COMFORTS of an ordinary home, including refrigerator and television, are provided in the Pleasant Valley trailer of Leo Gaiceau and wife Huguette.

The brave new world of trailer living

The eyesores of the Thirties have become picture-windowed, gadget-filled homes for sixty thousand Canadians.

They're helping to open up our frontiers and beat the housing shortage, and maybe some day they'll even fly

By Christina McCall

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HORST EHREICH

Along the frontiers of the Fifties, at every major construction project from the Trans-Canada pipeline to the uranium sites and the St. Lawrence Seaway, thousands of chrome-and-aluminum caravans are herded together in neat suburban rows. In these gaudy two-toned trailers live a new race of gypsy-like pioneers that has sprung up as a result of improved highways, prosperous times and housing shortages. There are now sixty thousand trailerites in Canada and almost three million in North America. If grouped together in one colony, the continent's trailer dwellers would form a city bigger than Montreal and Toronto combined.

These modern frontiersmen can stand in their living rooms on bulkhead-to-bulkhead broadloom carpeting, pull back floor-length chintz drapes and gaze through picture windows into the wilderness beyond. Their houses on wheels bear little resemblance to the "tin-can-tourist" or "rolling coop" trailers of the Thirties. They don't even have the same name. Trailers have become "mobile homes."

After years of disrepute as one of the ugliest of community eyesores, the trailer is beginning to gain a measure of respectability as a possible remedy for the traditional evils of the boomtown with its makeshift shacks, dangerous overcrowding and rent gouging. Trailerites are no longer automatically derided as parasitic and prolific nomads parked behind gas stations in homemade square boxes on wheels.

But trailer owners are still plagued by problems in spite of improvements in standards of trailer living and wide recognition of a need for mobile housing in new communities. Habitable trailer parks are scarce. Insurance rates are high and many municipalities have anti-trailer legislation. Still, the number of mobile homes manufactured in Canada per year since 1950 has increased from twenty to four thousand. Including American imports, ten thousand trailers were sold in Canada in 1957.

For their owners, the daily frustrations of irritating job conditions and tool-borrowing neighbors can be remedied with relative ease. They simply bundle blanket-wrapped knickknacks into the bathtub, jam pillows in the kitchen cupboards, unhook the service lines and they're ready to roll to what they hope will be pleasant surroundings, higher-paying jobs, different neighbors, more temperate climates. Today's mobile home has most of the conveniences of an up-to-date suburban home. For ten thousand dollars (the price of one uglier-than-average strawberry-box bungalow) you can buy the most luxurious of trailers—a double-decker, with air conditioning, two bathrooms, a dishwasher, built-in hi-fi, a bar and a fireplace—and park it in a sun-soaked California oceanside playground in February and a cool northern Ontario pine forest in July.

In the face of such unabashed romanticism, trailer haters, usually people who have tried and abandoned the way of life, are quick to point out that the biggest trailer is still smaller than the tiniest bungalow, and that in a bedroom not much larger than a normal bathroom, claustrophobia is inescapable. Hank Anderson, a bulldozer operator in Calgary, who is six feet three

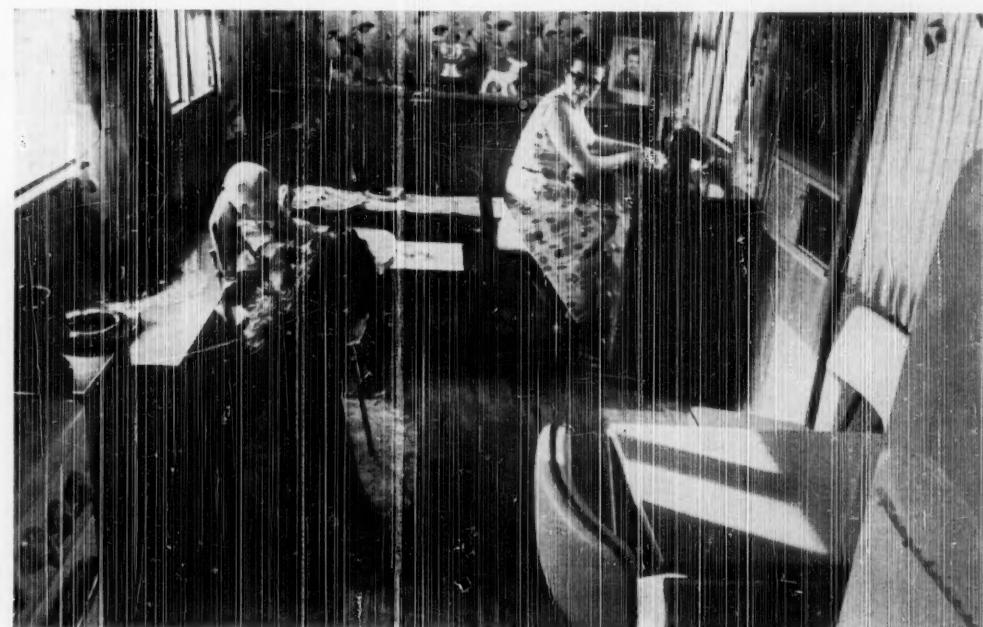


PLAYING in trailer bedroom is tight squeeze for Johnson boys and their friends.



CLEANING is easy in handkerchief-size rooms. Mrs. Roland Morris and Mrs. David McKnight have all latest appliances.

Crowding is a problem but modern appliances make housekeeping a breeze



RAISING A FAMILY on wheels is a free choice for Mrs. Morris—the family also owns a house in Toronto.

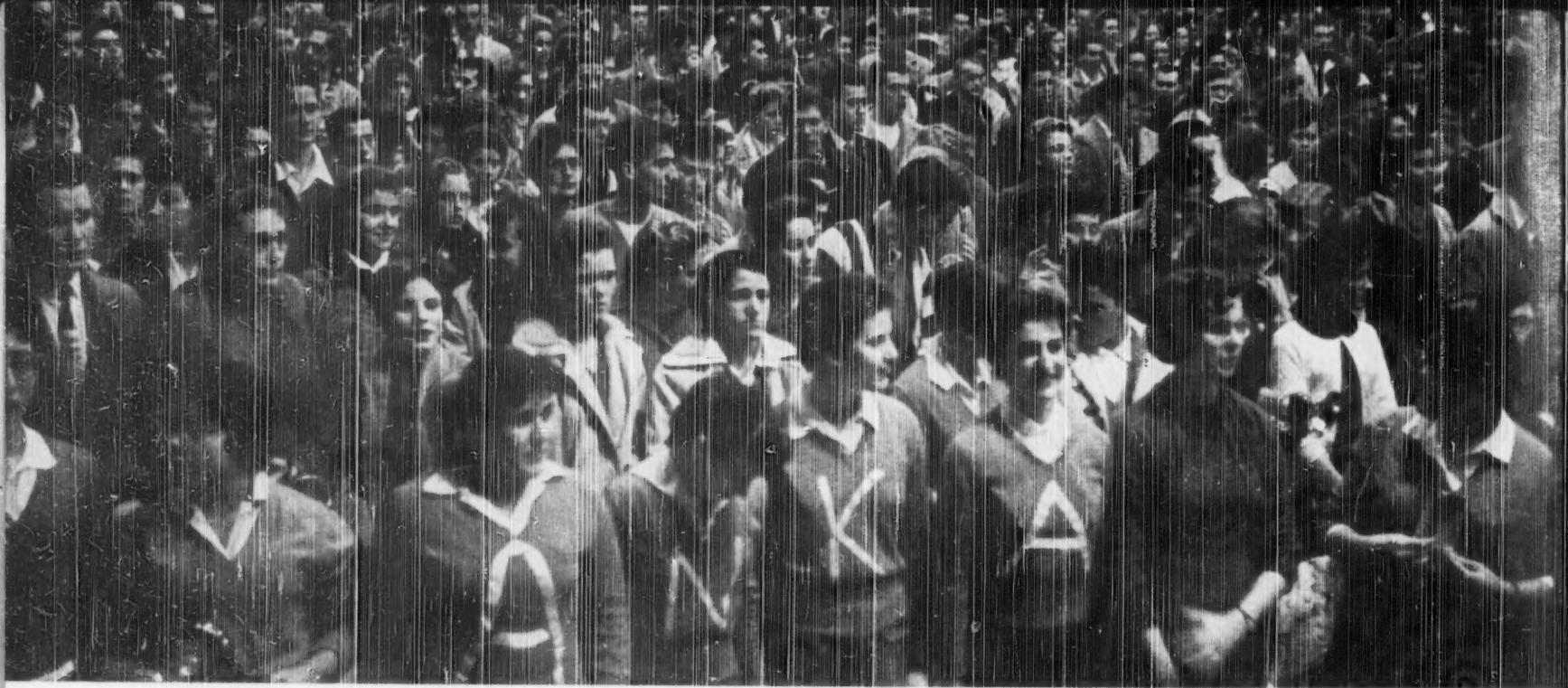
and weighs two hundred and thirty pounds, gave up trailer living after six months. Now when the word "trailer" is mentioned he mutters moodily, "They ought to breed a race of pygmies to live in those damn things."

Jack Scott, a columnist on the Vancouver Sun, has harrowing memories of a 17,500-mile journey he made in a trailer. In 1951 Scott, his wife and their two young daughters crossed Canada from Vancouver to Halifax, continued down the Atlantic coast to New Orleans, traveled across to San Diego, Cal., and then up the Pacific coast to B. C. The journey took seven months and as Scott said recently, "It was a miracle it didn't lead to divorce or infanticide." Scott concluded in one of his daily columns written en route: "As a cheap, comfortable and convenient way of camping, the trailer is ideal for short trips. But if you're undertaking anything that involves a lot of mileage, then a heavy trailer is a headache. It's tiring to drive since it demands concentration at all times. It's murder going through big cities.

I'll never quite recover from taking our beast down Broadway."

But many who own models built in the last three years are quick to defend them. They say, among other things, that there is plenty of space in the new mobile homes. These range in size from thirty feet long and eight feet wide to custom-made trailers, fifty-five feet long and ten feet wide. Prices are from four thousand to ten thousand dollars. One third of Canada's trailer population has lived on wheels for more than three years. The fierce enthusiasm of confirmed trailerites is reflected in the Canadian Mobile Home Magazine, a monthly published in Toronto. It has a wide circulation in trailer parks and every issue carries some trailerite's firm pledge that he wouldn't want to live any other way.

In their attempt to make trailers homelike, manufacturers have thought up dozens of ways to beat one of the biggest problems trailer dwellers have to face—lack of space. Originally they borrowed many ideas *continued on page 30*



ANKA'S FANS jam Ottawa's Lansdowne Park auditorium to hear their idol. The lettered sweaters, spelling out his name, are worn by members of the local fan club.

What it takes to crash T





ANKA'S SINGING is nearly all voice, no Presley antics.

ANKA'S MAIL is read by Paul and brother Andy. He hopes to open a music-publishing house.

In Tin Pan Alley at fifteen

Fresh from an Ottawa classroom, Paul Anka
brashly offered "Diana" to New York record makers
and said he'd sing it himself.

Now, less than a year later, he's grossed \$100,000
and has fan clubs he hasn't even counted

BY PAUL A. GARDNER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALAK

An Ottawa high-school boy walked out of his grade-ten class last April and left town to put his talent up for grabs on Tin Pan Alley, "because," as he said, "I figured I'd make it faster in the States." Paul Anka's foray to New York was the same assault on fame and fortune almost every youngster builds his visions on, and it had as much chance of success as any of the other anonymous thousands that are actually carried out.

Four months later, on his sixteenth birthday, Anka wired his mother Camilia sixteen camelias from Philadelphia. He was one of six top-featured artists in a touring rock 'n' roll group; he sings four songs once a night and occasionally twice a day and draws a thousand dollars a week. On the same night Variety, the show-business newspaper, listed his recording of Diana, a rock 'n' roll tune he says he wrote in twenty minutes, in thirteenth place in total sales on the continent. One week later Anka

himself was eighth in what the paper describes as Top Talent and Tunes.

The week after, Anka's rendition of his own song had slipped to ninth place; then it climbed to seventh, stayed there a week and jumped to second, high above competing numbers by such booming box-office names as Elvis Presley and Pat Boone. On the scoreboards of two of the entertainment trade papers, Variety and Cash Box, the Anka record stayed in second place (in first: Debbie Reynolds' Tammy) for three weeks; on the listing of a third paper, Billboard, it touched first for one week.

The week Diana topped Billboard's chart Anka sang his tune on the Ed Sullivan television show in New York. He made a second appearance as Sullivan's guest in November after singing on the Perry Como Show and on The Big Record, which stars Patti Page. In the same month he played his home town and at year's end took off on a British tour.

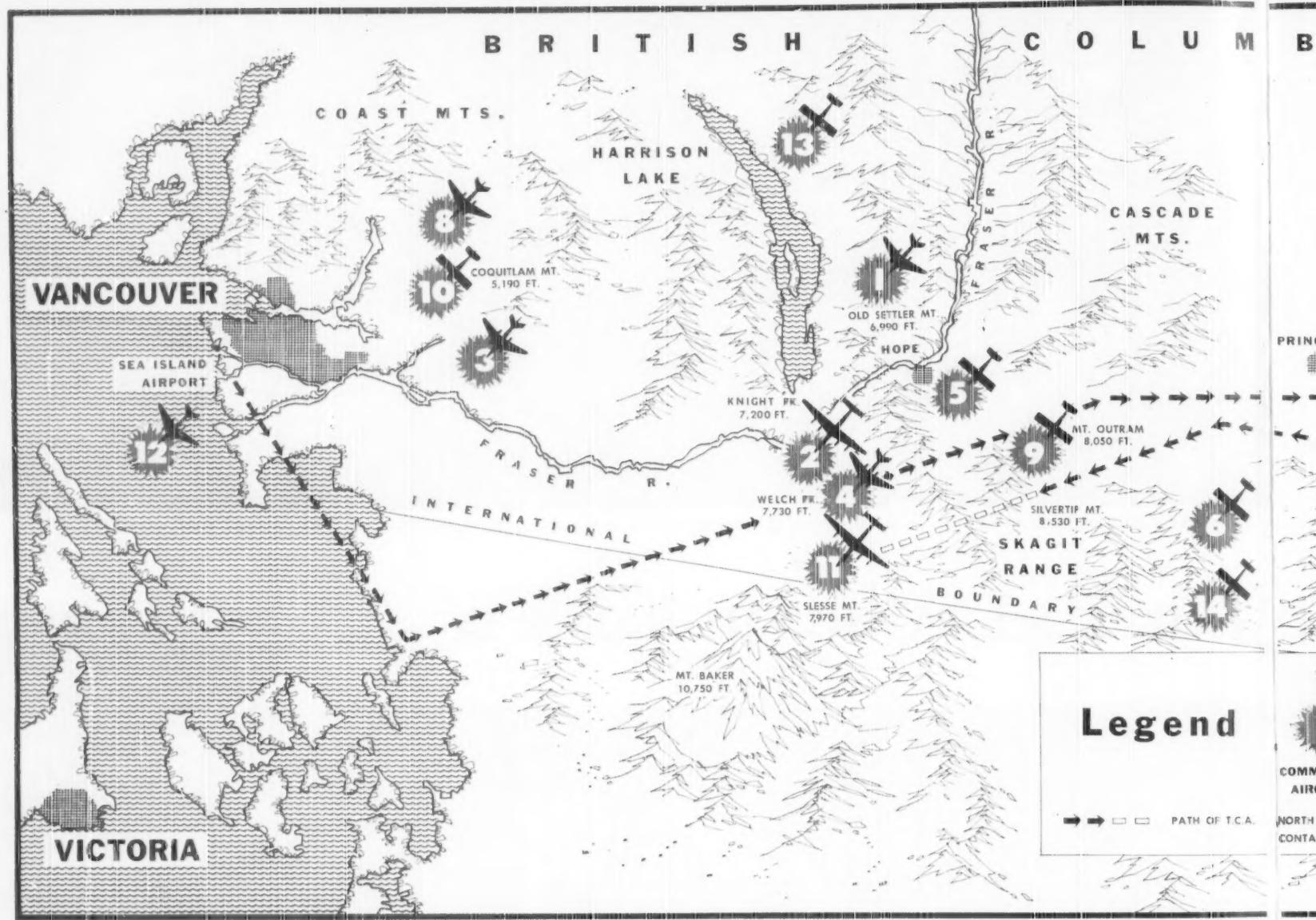
Anka draws in royalties of a cent for writing and about four cents for singing on every record sold. Sales passed the million mark (more than one hundred thousand of them in Canada) in mid-September, three months after the tune hit the radio stations and record counters. Diana topped two million early in October, and was expected to go over three million by the end of 1957. Anka is also paid for every radio and television broadcast, though juke boxes pay nothing but the price of the record. Three more Anka songs have been recorded by other artists and he earns royalties from all of them. A new Anka recording of two Anka tunes, Tell Me That You Love Me and I Love You, Baby, has been picked as a probable hit by all three entertainment trade papers. It had a quarter-of-a-million advance order from dealers—as much as some hits sell altogether.

The 1957 returns on his live and recorded singing and his song—continued on page 36

ANKA'S "DIANA" was written for Diana Ayoub (left), of Ottawa. She's eighteen and was once his baby-sitter. The recording sold three million in 1957.



ANKA'S DINNER, cooked by his mother, features Syrian dishes. His father owns a restaurant.



FIFTEEN FATAL CRASHES since 1941 — that's the toll taken in the storm-swept area between Penticton and Vancouver. Five other crack-ups took no lives. The

"The toughest flying country in the world"

That's how veteran pilots describe British Columbia's "graveyard of lost planes." In sixteen years it's claimed a hundred and seventeen lives. But we're licking its hazards with science, discipline and experience

BY RAY GARDNER

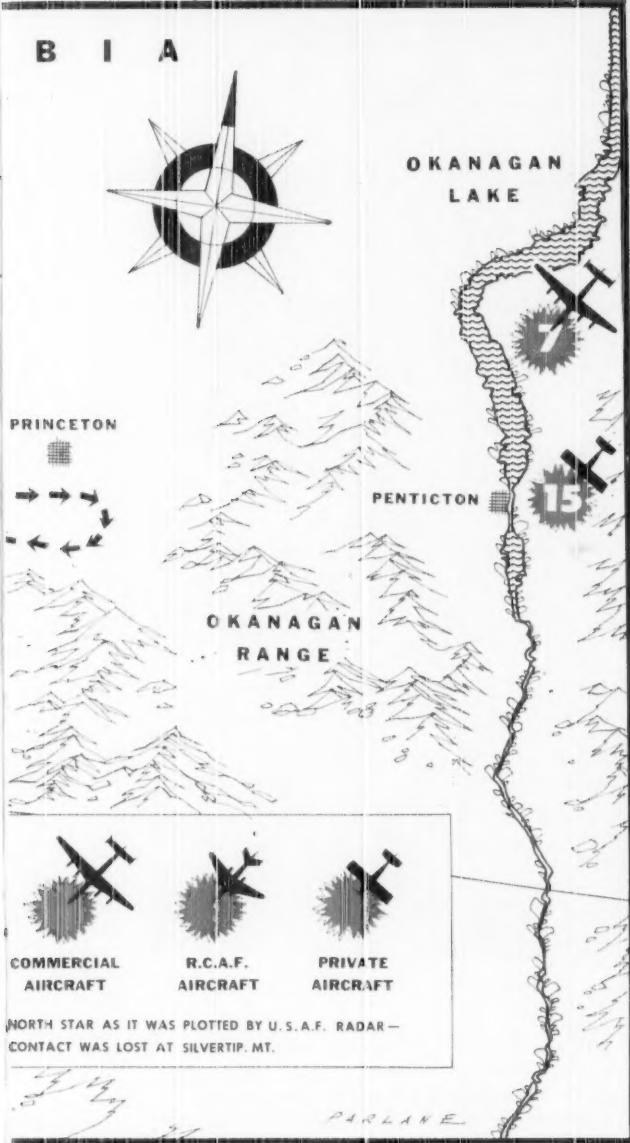
From the air the snow-capped blue-green Coast and Cascade mountains that sweep across southern British Columbia appear like giant petrified waves, giving the effect of an angry sea that has suddenly been turned to stone. Like a storm-swept ocean, they too seem boundless and implacable.

Jagged peaks, thrusting five to nine thousand feet into the sky, whip the high Pacific winds into a turmoil powerful enough to toss about even a huge airliner should one come within its grasp. Pilots of light aircraft that dart through the mountain passes must know, almost intuitively, when to turn back or run the risk of becoming trapped in cloud-filled valleys with no way out.

One patch of this unbroken wilderness, four to five thousand square miles in area and lying between Vancouver and the Okanagan Valley city of Penticton, has achieved so terrible a reputation as the scene of air disasters that some British Columbians speak of it as "the graveyard of lost planes."

During the past sixteen years its mountain spires have brought down twenty aircraft. In fifteen of these crashes one hundred and seventeen people have been killed; in the other five there was no loss of life. Three of these planes and their eight occupants vanished without trace. Their whereabouts remain a mystery even today though fourteen years have passed since one of them disappeared and another has been missing for eight. In one case, even the vision of a Hindu mystic who claimed to have divined the exact location of the lost fliers was checked, futilely, by desperate relatives of the men.

No other region in Canada and few anywhere in the world have taken such a toll of men and planes as this notorious area, and yet it lies along the westerly leg of Green One, Canada's principal airway from Pacific to Atlantic, flown daily by commercial airliners and regularly by the RCAF. The natural route from Vancouver into the rich Okanagan Valley for light aircraft also traverses it, and it is these small machines that are its most frequent victims.



numbers indicate the order in which crashes occurred.

Flying conditions encountered over this area and throughout the B.C. coastal mountains are held to be the most perilous faced by pilots anywhere in Canada. It is not the mountains alone, but the conspiracy they enter into with the province's violent and deceptive weather that creates special hazards, a fact which was recently noted in an RCAF report on a T-33 Silver Star jet which crashed as it was about to land at Vancouver airport.

Attributing the accident to the pilot's inexperience and his inability to cope with an unpredicted and blinding snowstorm that suddenly confronted him, the report concluded:

"It is again emphasized the weather in this area is most difficult to forecast accurately. Flying on the west coast is generally much more hazardous, for this reason and also because of the high terrain, than elsewhere in Canada . . . Units should send only experienced personnel as captain of aircraft on flights in this area."

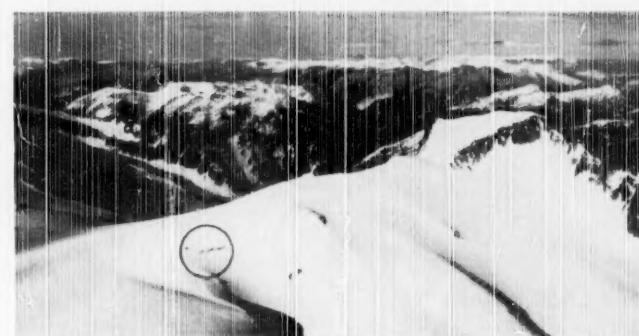
Squadron Leader George Sheahan, who, while commanding the RCAF's 121 Communications and Rescue Flight, served as search master in a score of attempts to find planes missing in the mountains, declares, "It's the toughest flying country in the world, bar none. The first two years I was stationed in Vancouver I flew over the mountains regularly and never saw them because of the clouds.

continued on page 38



2

1942: Thirteen passengers and crew died when a Canadian Pacific Airlines twin-engine Lodestar smashed into the slope of Knight Peak on a flight from Prince George to Vancouver. It was eight months before the wreckage was sighted by another CPA airliner. No bodies were found.



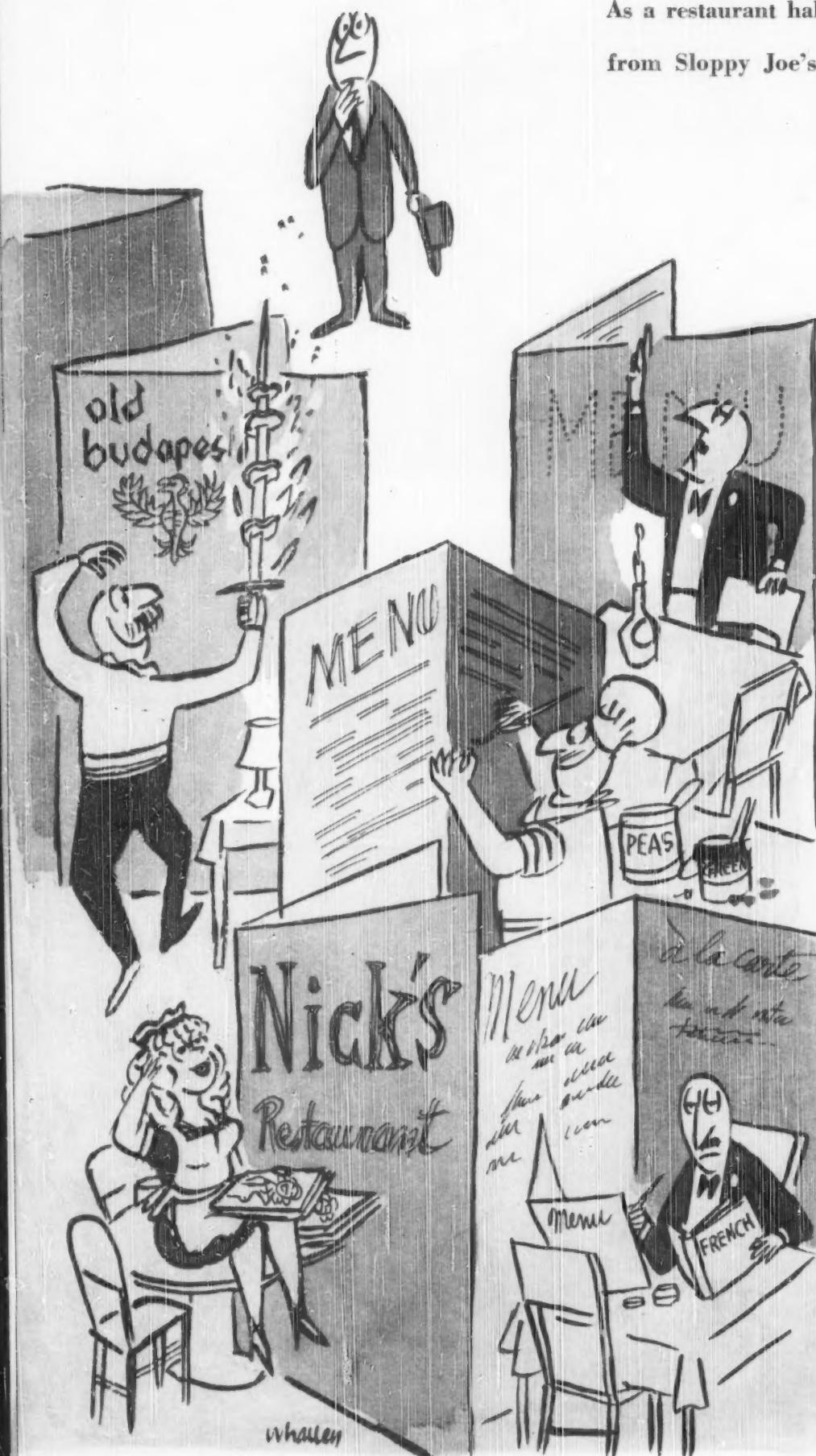
13

1957: The wreckage of a light plane (circled) in which three people died is almost completely hidden in a snowfield on Mount Breakenridge—illustrating the difficulties faced by search teams.



14

1956: With one of its four motors crippled, a Trans-Canada Air Lines' North Star piled into Mount Slesse as it tried to fight its way back to Vancouver. Sixty-two passengers and crew were killed in what was Canada's second worst air tragedy. Peak was sealed off as mass cemetery.



As a restaurant habitué I've dined on everything
from Sloppy Joe's Kosher Irish Stew to autographed lobsters.

Dyspeptic but durable,

I've learned

a few tricks. Here's

My recipe for eating out and staying alive

BY HUGH GARNER

ILLUSTRATION BY PETER WHALLEY

When I was a kid I used to look forward to the time when I could afford to eat in posh restaurants. In those days even Nick the Greek's, where we splurged on nickel coffee and date turnovers after the dance at the Oddfellows' Hall, was a step on the way to my ambition. Now, thanks to a restaurant credit card that enables me to eat on the cuff in hundreds of places, from the Ritz in Paris to Sloppy Joe's Kosher Irish Stew House in Upper Musquodoboit, Nova Scotia, I can eat anywhere I choose. Lately I have eaten in bistros and beaneries that have such side-show gimmicks as grub skewered on flaming swords; personally autographed lobsters; steaks branded with my initials and as thick as pot roasts; and pancakes, called *crêpes suzette*, blazing away in a chafing dish. I found I hadn't been missing much.

Anybody who isn't illiterate can autograph a lobster before dunking it into the boiler; cooking on a sword is for nomads without stoves; I hate steaks, even those thin enough to chew; and I can burn my own pancakes, inadvertently, in a frying pan.

I found out a few things about eating spots that I'd overlooked before. For instance, dining as compared to eating is when you pay twice as much for half as much, but the napkins are cloth instead of paper. *A la mode* is the French phrase for apple pie and ice cream, and *à la carte* means in English, "I dare you." A chef's salad is something thrown together by a bus boy, and a chef's special is something he's trying to get rid of before it spoils. A blue-plate special is served on a blue plate so yesterday's yellowing potatoes will look whiter in contrast, on the same principle that caused packing houses (until the public got wise) to wrap their bacon in red-lined cellophane.

A grill is a room with tables in a hotel basement, where yesterday's dining-room remains become today's businessman's hash. A cafeteria is a chow line where the saving on waitresses is not passed on to the customer. A café is a restaurant with *continued on page 41*



Juggling his major portfolios, Fulton keeps several secretaries flying. Here, in his Justice office, he checks details with Kay Kierans. He's at work by 8 a.m.

The second most powerful Tory . . . is Davie Fulton, the experts agree, at forty-one justice minister, one of the Commons' keenest minds and a cabinet Jack-of-all-trades. Even the Liberals show him grudging respect—but he's a worry to some Tories

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SAM TATA

There are as many opinions on the effectiveness of the Diefenbaker cabinet as there are political pundits in Ottawa. But on one point there is amazing agreement: its ablest politician and currently the leading candidate to succeed Diefenbaker as the head of a Conservative government is Edmund Davie Fulton, a former Rhodes Scholar and infantry company commander from Kamloops, B.C., who relaxes by shooting prairie chicken and listening to recordings of Puccini operas played at full volume.

Already, forty-one-year-old Fulton has reached a higher position for his age than any Canadian politician since Mackenzie King. While three Conservative cabinet ministers have been given no departmental responsibilities, Fulton is Canada's Minister of Justice and Attorney-General and Acting Minister of Citizenship and Immigration; for nearly a month he was

Acting Secretary of State for External Affairs.

Many politicians compare Fulton's power in the PC cabinet to that of C. D. Howe under Louis St. Laurent, with two important differences. Howe didn't want to become prime minister. Fulton does. Howe was St. Laurent's contemporary. Fulton is twenty-one years younger than Diefenbaker, although he entered the House of Commons in 1945, just one election behind Diefenbaker's federal debut. "I don't believe that either Fulton or those who know him expect him to end up as anything less than prime minister of Canada," says Bert Lawrence, an influential Ottawa PC lawyer.

Fulton feels a real joy in politics and believes he is fated to influence beneficially the course of Canadian history.

He has a natural dignity without reaching for it. His pompadour of rusty hair and an oversize

jaw, which he dips for emphasis, transpose his otherwise academic appearance into that of a proud but hungry bull moose scenting nourishment. He's six feet tall and speaks with a snipped Oxford accent, pronouncing "clerk" as "clark" but, oddly, discarding the characteristic "rawtha" for the Canadian "rather." When he's nervous he blinks and puffs Player's.

At work he has the authoritative manner of a man running his affairs, rather than being run by them. He soon becomes "Davie" to most office visitors—it's his mother's family name, not a corruption of David.

In the House of Commons he ranges between monotonous persistence and some of the rudest interjections ever recorded in Hansard. "By quite a wide margin, Fulton is the most intelligent Tory in the House and much the best debater," says a former *continued on page 32*



"It's a wonderful country, when a guy like me . . . can accomplish all I have at 38." Arthur Tateishi, wife Gwen, son Arthur and dog Fritzie in their ten-room Toronto home.

"It happened to me"

This is another of the series of personal-experience stories that will appear from time to time in Maclean's . . . stories told by its readers about some interesting dramatic event in their lives.

HAVE YOU SUCH A STORY? If so, send it to the articles editor, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. For stories accepted Maclean's will pay the regular rates it offers for articles.

The author in his Toronto factory, which last year grossed \$3,500,000. ▶



How I became an equal

BY ARTHUR TATEISHI PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN SEBERT

After Pearl Harbor nearly every door was slammed in the face of this Canadian-born Japanese. Yet he bounced

back into wealth and universal respect. Here's his own story of how he did it

On the afternoon of Dec. 7, 1941, I was on a public course in Vancouver doing my best to learn to play golf. I wasn't making much progress and after a couple of hours of duffing I got into my car and started home. I lived then in Steveston, a fishing community at the mouth of the Fraser River just outside Vancouver, where I was the proud owner of the River Radio Sales and Service.

I was in no hurry. It was one of those beautiful early winter days so characteristic of British Columbia. I turned on the radio and coasted along. I couldn't have been less prepared for what was to come when, minutes later, the program was interrupted by a news bulletin. "Japanese planes have attacked Pearl Harbor," the announcer said.

I find it hard now to be precise about my feelings at that moment. When I think of it now I'm only able to recall a kind of numbness, a depression, settling in me. There's an explanation for this.

Both my parents were born in Japan. I was born in Canada and considered myself a loyal Canadian though I knew that neither I nor anybody else of Japanese blood was really free of suspicion in the eyes of our Caucasian fellow citizens.

Now, I wondered, what will they think of us or, worse, what will they do? It was a question that kept turning over and over again in my mind the rest of the trip home.

I was twenty-two years old but I hadn't been living with my parents for close to seven years. I had become a man of the world at an early age. I was born Arthur Katsumi Tateishi, March 5, 1919, on a farm five miles from Courtenay on Vancouver Island. There were five children

in our family, three boys and two girls, and I was the third born.

Our farm was far from rich—a hundred and sixty acres, less than a quarter under cultivation. When I was twelve my father, who had never known anything in his life but hard work, had a stroke. This was a heavy blow to us. My older brother was already working in a lumber camp but the family needed more help. One of my sisters got a job as a domestic and it was decided that I would have to leave school and help out on the farm.

After doing the chores around home for six or eight months I, too, became a wage earner, as a "whistle punk" or signal boy for a logging outfit. The pay was fifteen cents an hour for an eight-hour day, six days a week. I lived twenty miles from the job site.

I was up every morning at 4:45 a.m. and after breakfast pedaled my bicycle five miles to where our donkey engineer lived. He owned an old car and I rode with him the five miles to the saw mill. There I climbed on a rail speeder for the ten-mile lap to where we were cutting. Then I started working.

When I quit at the end of two years my wages had reached twenty-five cents an hour. I'd been helping out at home but I still managed to put aside a hundred and fifty dollars. This money I planned to use for a very special purpose.

I'd done a lot of thinking about my future and I decided that I would be either a pilot or a radio technician. Flying was my first choice. But no matter which it was to be I had to leave home. And so with a battered suitcase and my precious savings tucked securely in my pocket (I had a little extra money for my boat fare and miscellaneous expenses) I said a firm good-bye to my

family and set out for the great unknown city of Vancouver where I had neither friends nor relatives. I was fifteen years old.

But I was determined and soon got going about my business. A flying career, I learned, was out of the question: I was too young and I didn't have enough cash anyway. I turned to my alternative career.

An institution called the Sprot-Shaw Radio College was offering a six-month course for radio technicians and I promptly enrolled. The tuition fee was twenty-five dollars a month and with barely enough money to pay for the full course my problem was how to live in the meantime. I made a deal with the operator of a boarding house to get free board in return for peeling potatoes, washing dishes and doing other chores.

I couldn't afford tram fare, so I walked the six miles to and from school every day. But I succeeded in getting through the six-month course in four months and they told me that nobody else had ever done it that fast.

I was proud of my feat. I had worked hard and felt well qualified for my new trade. The work, I thought, was more or less my oyster. But I was in for a surprise.

Times were hard in the 1930s and jobs were not easy to find. I soon learned that to be a Japanese hunting for a job was even tougher. The days stretched into weeks and I was still without work. Though I had fortunately continued on at the rooming house under the same arrangement I was rapidly reaching the end of my rope. I had to have money.

Then I heard that a Japanese plastering contractor in Steveston needed a helper. I wasted no time in getting to see him, and he hired me. I stayed at plastering for **continued on page 27**

The lonely mining settlement of Flin Flon set the sports world on its ear last winter by winning a national hockey championship. But that, like the golf course of rock and muskeg and the man-made beach, is only part of the story of

The town where **EVERYBODY** plays

BY TRENT FRAYNE

GROUP PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLIE LEARNED

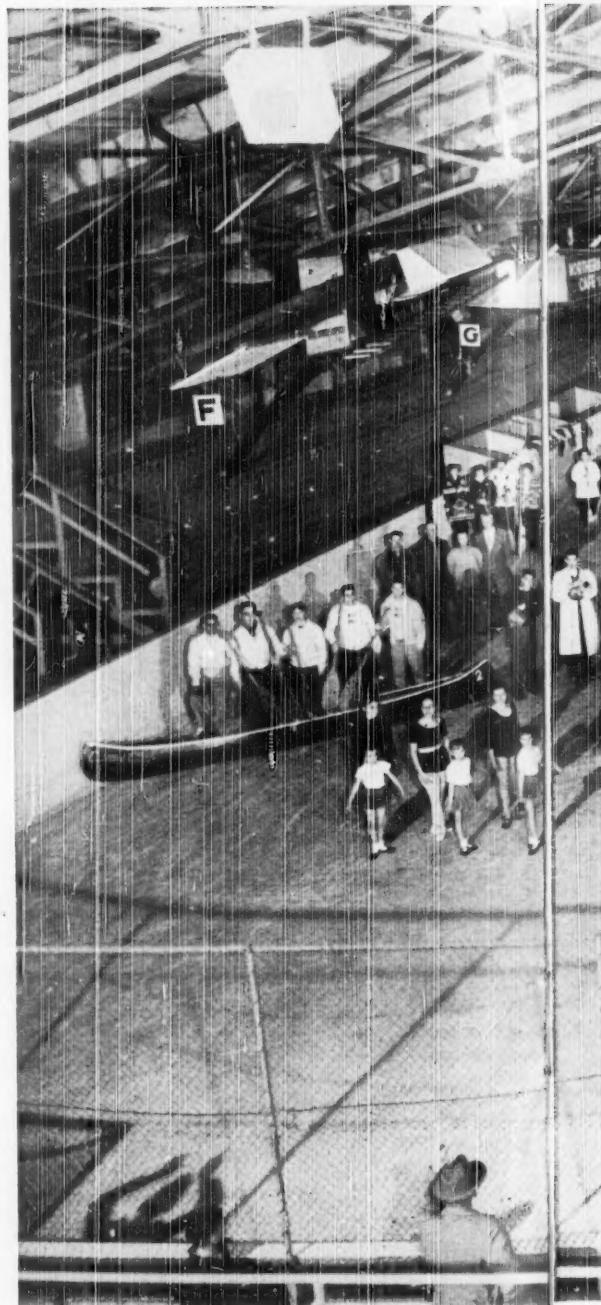
Flin Flon is a town that teeters on lonely rocks six hundred miles northwest of Winnipeg in the loop of longitude where summer days are almost nightless and winter ones mostly dim. It is a remote town that startled a good many Canadians last spring by producing a largely home-grown hockey team that won the junior championship of all Canada. The victory was the more remarkable because the Flin Flon Bombers defeated the heavily favored Ottawa Canadiens, a team sponsored by the world's professional champion Montreal Canadiens and lovingly packed by them with some of this country's best young players.

While the defeat of the eastern Canadian champions may have astonished most of the hockey experts—it was the first time since 1948 that the western representative had won the national championship—only the most pessimistic fan in Flin Flon was more than mildly surprised. Nestled in the middle of a rocky nowhere, the twelve thousand inhabitants of the

area have made the pursuit of sports trophies a year-round avocation in relieving the monotony of their isolation, and they've grown accustomed to the pace.

Ultimate success on a national scale was a matter of time to most people in Flin Flon because they had seen one of their women's curling rinks win the western Canada championship in 1955, and their junior girls' basketball team win the Manitoba crown seven times in the last nine years, and the high-school girls win the Manitoba title six times in the last eight years. In hockey, the juniors won the Northern Saskatchewan league championship four times in the last five years, the midgets won the Manitoba championship three times in the last four years, and the juveniles won the Manitoba championship twice in the last three years.

On a local scale, there was sports of all sorts for all ages. Forty-five adults passed their Red Cross life-saving swimming tests last summer when they could wrest a cubic foot of water away from three hundred youngsters registered in learn-to-swim classes. Kids not old enough or big enough to catch a place among the two hundred and twenty youngsters playing Little League baseball, or on the eight teams (four of boys and four of girls) in the thirteen-and-under softball leagues, played supervised games of volleyball and croquet and soccer on the town's six playgrounds. Fathers and even mothers coached the eighteen hockey teams in the Tom Thumb and Pee Wee hockey leagues, and four hundred people belonged to the nine-hole golf course incredibly fashioned out of solid rock, huge boulders and dense boggy muskeg. Five thousand people sprawled in the sunburn sun on a fantastically concocted artificial beach, and sixteen hundred curled in the town's three rinks. A sixty-three-pound lake trout stretching half an inch under four feet was landed by a girl named Lorraine Hayes four years ago in nearby Lake Athapapuskow (which fishermen abbreviate to Athapap) and during a widely publicized four-day trout festival conducted annually for the last seven years the winning trout has never weighed less than thirty-three pounds. The peo-



Flin Flon's out for trophies all year

ple who didn't participate in any of these varied recreations, and perhaps some who did, were heavily involved in a glee club, a camera club, a figure-skating club, a canoe club, an archery club and/or ballet classes.

Sometimes it's hard *not* to play something in Flin Flon. When Doug Dawson, the manager of the champion junior Bombers, moved there as a teen-ager ten years ago he was watching some high-school boys play hockey in the Flin Flon rink. A stranger standing beside him at one end of the rink asked him if he played hockey.

"Sure," said Dawson, "I played in Winnipeg."

"How long have you been here?" asked the man.

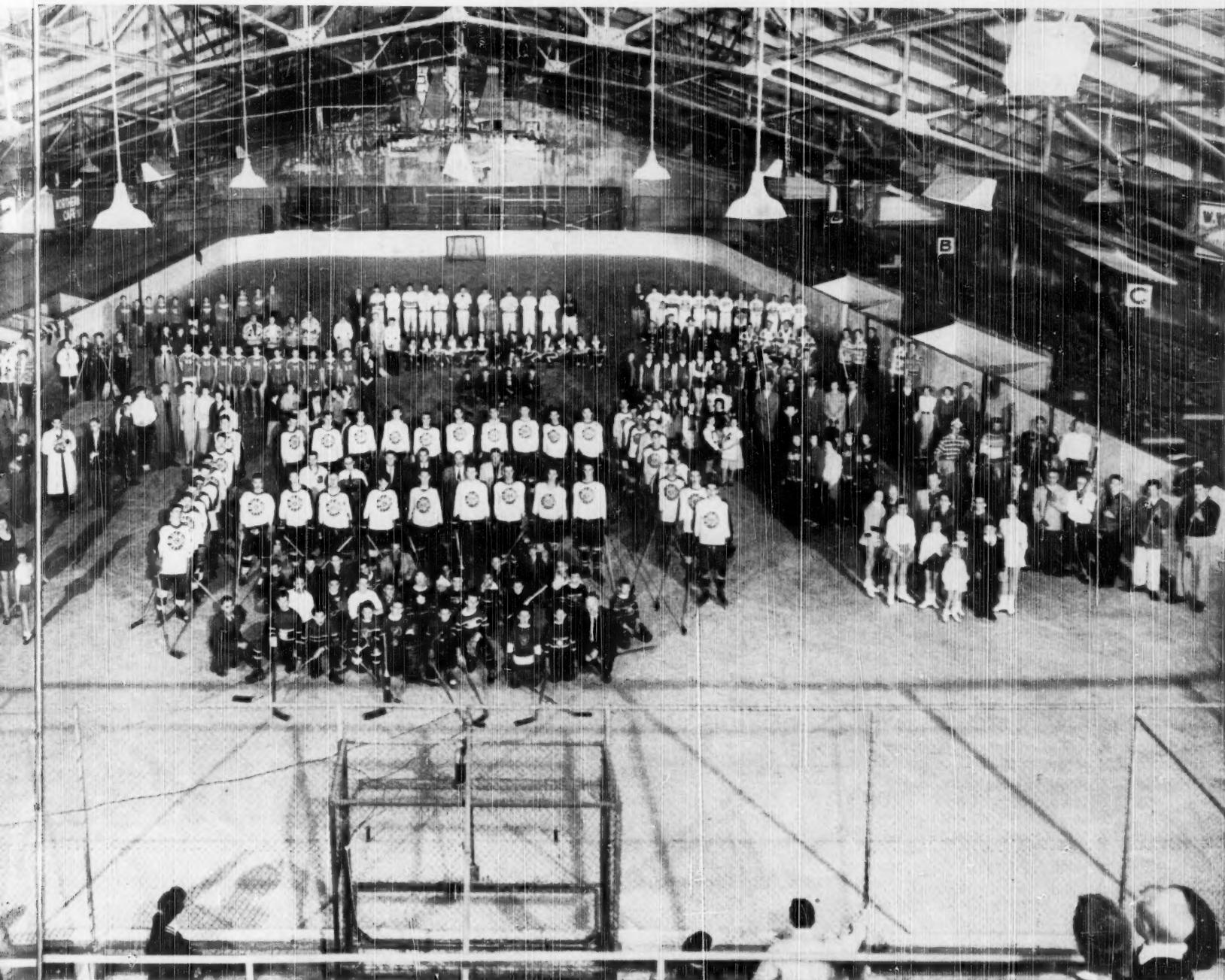
"Three days," said Dawson.

"Well then, why in thunderation aren't you out there playing now?" roared the man.

Flin Flon's battered old corrugated-tin rink has been standing since 1935, seven years after



Heat-wave playground at Phantom Lake was made by trucking sand 16 miles. Now whole town swims.



From canoeing and curling to ballet and barbershop singing there's a club to keep everybody active. Here, grouped for this special Maclean's photograph around the champion junior hockey team, are 24 of Flin Flon's "sports" groups. Among them: baseball, basketball, golf and archery clubs, a Little Theatre company and a folk-dancing group.

the town was first settled. The Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Company, which now employs three thousand men and thereby dominates the town, began to bring in hockey players in '35 to give diversion to the townspeople. Well-known Winnipeg hockey players Buddy Simpson, Ray Enright, Gordie Hayes, Cliff Workman and Buddy Hammond moved north to take jobs and play hockey. Wally Warnick and Slim Holdaway went there from Brandon, and Sid Abel, later a star centre for the Detroit Red Wings and coach of the Chicago Black Hawks, joined the Bombers from Melville, Sask.

These were the original Bombers, a name that acquired hockey fame in the west in the old Saskatchewan Senior Hockey league. Buddy Simpson, now Conservative member of parliament for the Churchill constituency, recalls that he received forty-two cents an hour and worked in the mill fifty-six hours a week, which produced a weekly pay cheque of \$23.52. He was

married and unemployed in the mid-thirties, as were most of the players who went to Flin Flon even before a road was through from The Pas, a hundred miles south. Teams traveled by train on a spur line of the Canadian National Railways. The routes to Winnipeg or Regina or Saskatoon still wind so circuitously around the literally thousands of rock-bound lakes of northern Manitoba that the journey to any one of them requires at least twenty hours, including connecting-line stopovers.

Hockey teams have covered that route every winter since 1935. Eight years ago the emphasis swung from senior to junior hockey, with last season being the most successful in the town's history. It reached its glorious culmination when three games of the Dominion junior final were played in the shabby old rink. This was a monumental undertaking, since the rink seats only 1,145 people and the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association asked for a guarantee of

forty-five hundred dollars a game when the Bombers made application for home games.

Ordinarily all seats are sold for seventy-five cents each for league games. To raise the required forty-five hundred dollars, the club boosted prices to three dollars for reserved seats and for standing room as well. The town was in a frenzy of excitement four days before the opening game. Every seat had been sold when it occurred to Pinkie Davie, the manager of the town's Community Club, which administers all children's activities, that there would be no room in the rink for the kids. He consulted Buddy Simpson, then an HBM&S company official. They organized a crew of workmen who set to work to knock one end out of the rink. When this was completed, long rows of two-by-four planks were set up at the open end of the rink to form temporary bleachers from which the kids of Flin Flon could see the Memorial Cup finals.

continued on page 34



BEST: THE GREAT MAN "An early starter, this biting satirical drama from Hollywood continued to impress at year-end. Steno Joanne Gilbert, small-town sage Ed Wynn and newsman José Ferrer were in cast."

THESE WERE THE 10 BEST

STARTING WITH THE BEST

1. **The Great Man**
2. **Funny Face**
3. **12 Angry Men**
4. **The Shiralee**
5. **The Pajama Game**
6. **The Incredible Shrinking Man**
7. **Les Girls**
8. **Time Limit**
9. **Sayonara**
10. **The Young Stranger**

CLYDE GILMOUR PICKS THE BEST



AND WORST



Movies

WORST: THE STORY OF MANKIND "Peter Lorre as a besotted Nero is one of the few acceptable stereotypes in this pretentious historical fantasy, which also offers Hedy Lamarr as a demure Joan of Arc."



THESE WERE THE 10 WORST

STARTING WITH THE WORST

1. **The Story of Mankind**
2. **Jet Pilot**
3. **The Wings of Eagles**
4. **The Little Hut**
5. **Paris Does Strange Things**
6. **Julie**
7. **The Unholy Wife**
8. **Beyond Mombasa**
9. **The Iron Petticoat**
10. **Omar Khayyam**



Best performance by an actor

James Cagney portraying the late Lon Chaney in *Man of a Thousand Faces*.



Best performance by an actress

Eva Marie Saint as the anguished wife of a dope addict in *A Hatful of Rain*.



Year's strongest comeback

Aging singer Maurice Chevalier as a detective in *Love in the Afternoon*.



Shapeliest legs

Those of Mitzi Gaynor in Canadian Constance Tompkinson's *Les Girls*.

"Realism and giddy escapism battled for supremacy" but at the real test of box office the public still baffled the analysts

of 1957

Like the Good Guy and the Bad Guy, locked in combat on the edge of an abyss in one of the silent screen's long-ago Saturday serials, sombre realism and giddy escapism were battling for supremacy in the movies as 1957 was dissolving into history.

Each -ism had its own impassioned advocates as a remedy for the industry's box-office troubles. But nothing conclusive could be learned from the actual ticket figures. Realism and escapism were both selling briskly, in some cases. In other cases, both were languishing. The inscrutable public is more Sphinxlike than ever in resisting sure-fire "analysis" by pollsters, hucksters, studio brass hats and other students of the masses.

What, for example, is the true significance of the fact that Cecil B. DeMille's mammoth 1956 production of *The Ten Commandments* is already well on its way to becoming the No. 1 box-office champion of all time? No one can say for sure, but there are many theories. The success of DeMille's devotional extravaganza has been variously attributed to the power of ballyhoo, the organized support of "church groups," the lure of the film's "pagan orgies," a genuine and widespread resurgence of religious feeling, and the sheer sorcery of the old epic-maker's showmanship.

Movie attendance generally was down in 1957 in comparison with 1956, but the top-hit pictures did better than ever. Television has hurt the theatres, forcing more of them to close. The

film industry seems to have reluctantly decided that "going to the movies" is no longer the habitual prime entertainment of the millions. Instead, the customers have become more critical, more "choosy"—and they are staying away for longer periods whenever they pay out hard cash and receive a couple of hours of boredom.

Box-office considerations aside, there were many good and excellent feature films shown in this country during 1957, and most of them are still happily in circulation.

The Great Man, my own nomination as the best picture of the year, is a tough and brilliant satire on the broadcasting industry and its idol-creating mythology. I've seen it four times, with constantly increasing admiration. José Ferrer worked with novelist Al Morgan on the screenplay, which is substantially better than the book. Ferrer also directed the film and appeared in it as a radio newsman who is assigned to put together a massive memorial tribute to a dead favorite of the airwaves. In actuality the "great man"—whom we never see—was a monster of corruption and deceit. The film maintains an uncompromisingly blunt attitude all the way to the end instead of "selling out" in the final reel—a fate that too often befalls stories of social protest on celluloid.

My list of the year's Ten Best includes three musicals (**Funny Face**, **The Pajama Game**, **Les Girls**) and one science-fiction fantasy (**The Incredible Shrinking Man**). There were dozens of trashy competitors in both departments, but these four in my estimation are worthier efforts than all but a few of their "serious" rivals. Gaiety and imagination are still qualities to cherish on the screen.

Time Limit and **The Young Stranger** are both dramas on weighty subjects (the meaning of treason and heroism, the truth about today's troubled youth), and each reflected a good deal of candor and courage in developing its story.

My nominations had to close off before I could see such highly touted late-comers as Hollywood's **Raintree County** and **A Farewell to Arms**, Britain's **The Bridge on the River Kwai**, Italy's **Cabiria**, and France's **Gervaise** and **A Man Escaped**. Most of them will be 1958 releases in Canada.

Thunderously acclaimed in the film industry itself, **Sayonara** strikes me as being good enough for the No. 9 spot among the Top Ten, but no higher. Glowingly photographed in Japan, it tells a compassionate but somewhat contrived yarn about two American servicemen (Marlon Brando, Red Buttons) who fall in love with Japanese girls and learn that race hatred is an international commodity.

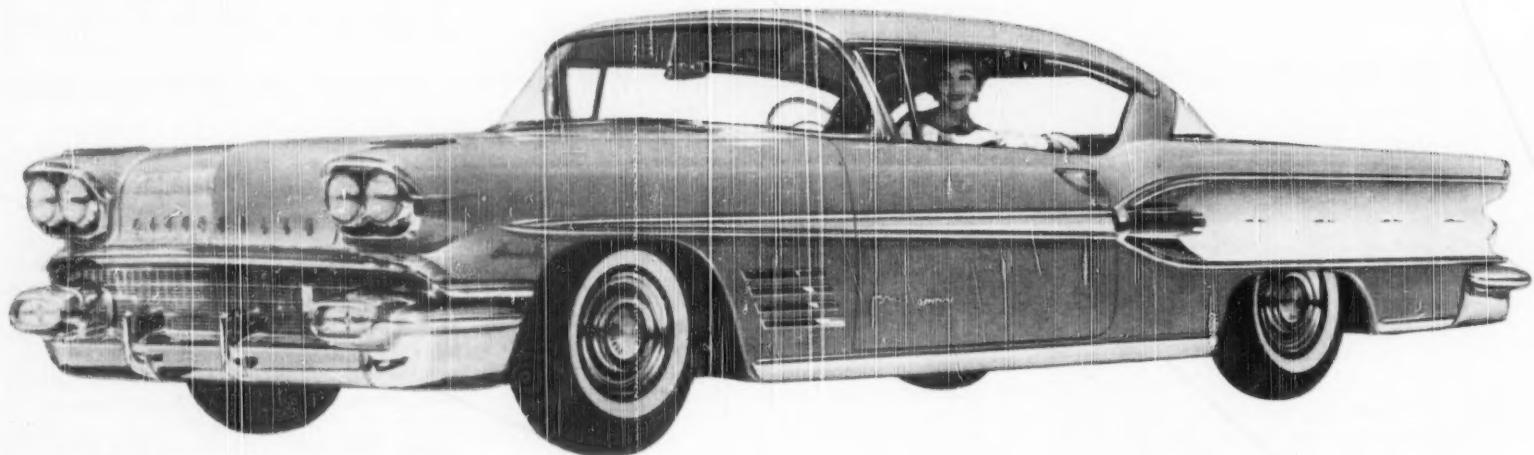
Britain exported many an enjoyable film in '57 (random samples: **The Smallest Show on Earth**, **Time Lock**, **A Hill in Korea**, **The Prince and the Showgirl**, **Brothers in Law**, **The Spanish Gardener**). But the only one that demanded inclusion among my Top Ten was **The Shiralee**, a stirring but unmaudlin story handsomely photographed in Australia, about an embittered roving worker whose devoted little daughter is life's main "shiralee," or burden. The roles are beautifully played by Peter Finch and Dana Wilson.

My annual nominations, like those of all the other critics, will be angrily rejected by many readers, no two of whom could conceivably agree in their lists. Such disputes are often even hotter when they deal with the year's **Ten Worst**. One man's Worst can be another man's Best. But I am prepared to defend—short of an actual *duel*, I hope—my nomination of **The Story of Mankind** as the worst picture of 1957. A bad "big" picture which purports to be a masterpiece deserves critical censure far more than any of the dozens of bad "little" pictures which don't pretend to be anything but routine double-bill makeweights. ★

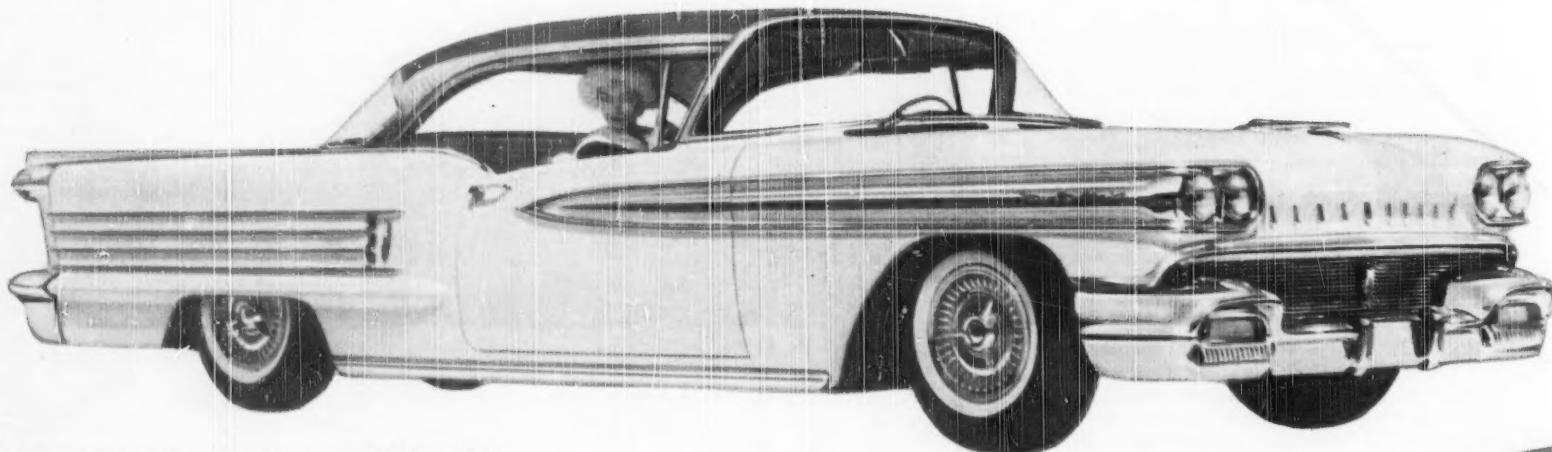
GENERAL MOTORS



The GM Golden Anniversary Chevrolet



The GM Golden Anniversary Pontiac



The GM Golden Anniversary Oldsmobile

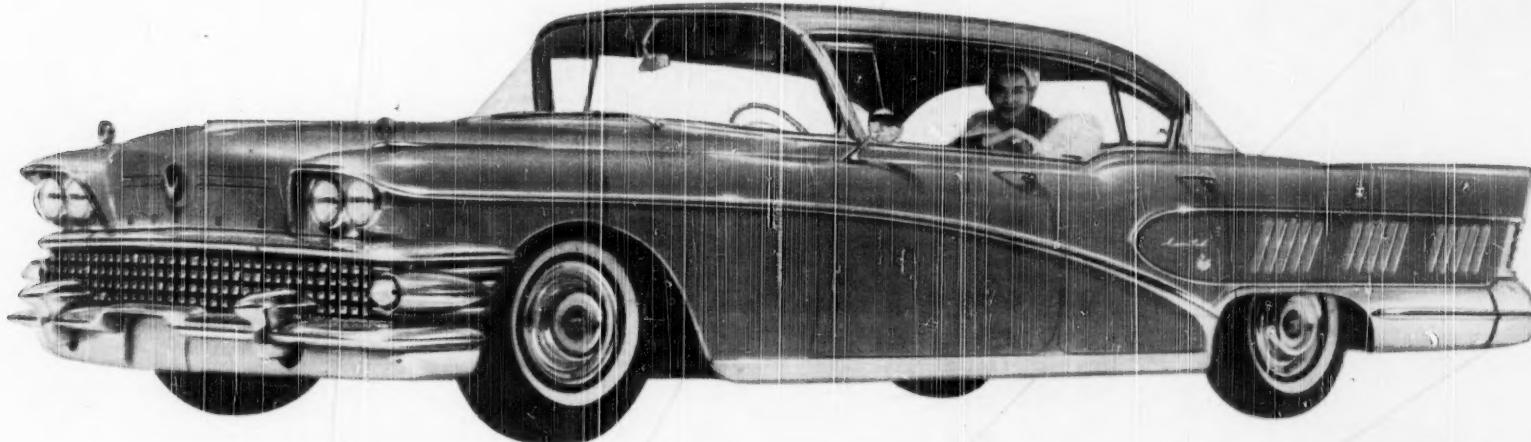
6 GOLDEN FIVE for '58

PRESENTED HERE for Canadian motorists are typical offerings of the five GM car lines for 1958. They celebrate the fiftieth year of General Motors. They are automobiles that—to be worthy of this event—were dedicated to surpass their own traditions.

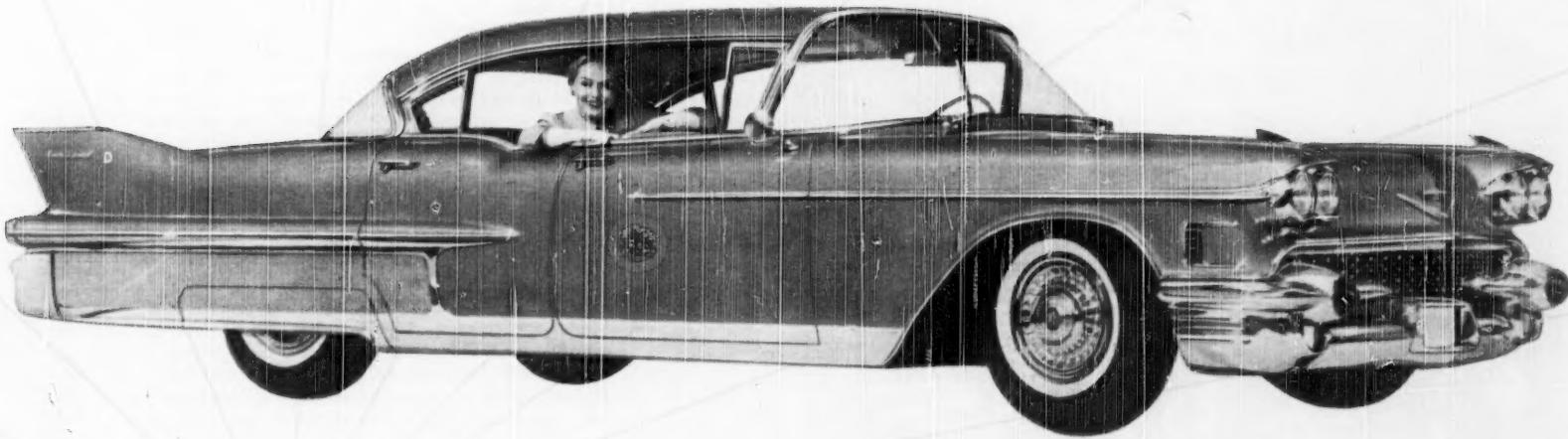
And while each maintains its own personality, all five cars benefit—as does the public—from the combined ingenuity of their own engineering staffs and the styling, research, development and testing resources of General Motors.

From the General Motors Technical Centre comes a steady flow of advanced engineering and design developments—basic betterments in transmissions and engines—new ideas in comfort and safety features—new concepts in styling and appointments.

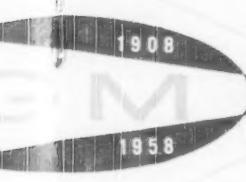
It is this General Motors leadership which has created such outstanding quality and value in the cars now ready for your inspection in GM dealers' showrooms. They offer you, we believe, the widest selection and the most satisfying motoring to be found today.



The GM Golden Anniversary Buick



The GM Golden Anniversary Cadillac



FROM THE PROGRESS OF THE PAST... THE PROMISE OF THE FUTURE

Opposals of Marriage

"Come over here, darling. Sit on my knee. You're terribly sweet, you know. Would you like me to tell you a story?" (Here follows a long and tedious anecdote about a couple who were idyllically happy until they were married, when they got divorced.) "So you see, darling, I don't want to risk our happiness. Is that terribly wrong of me?"

"I don't want to put fetters and leg-irons on you—you'd come to hate me for it in the end. I don't want to be your jailer, your slave-keeper. It's our love that I want, and if you love me now it is because you know

that you can walk out on me any time you fancy. I want you to go on feeling that way."

"I'm not good enough for you."

"You're not good enough for me."

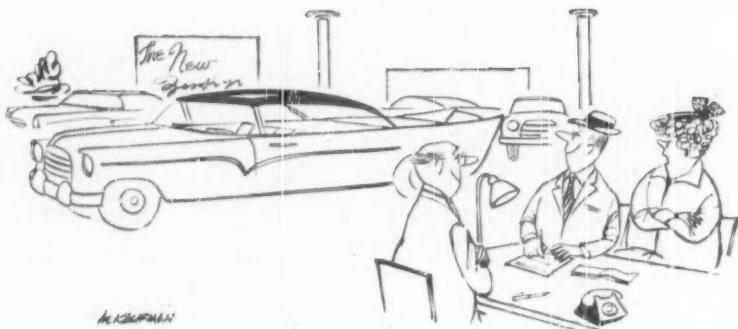
"When I get my raise/divorce/legacy/insurance money/old-age pension."

How to get out of it at the last minute?—Run for it!

HERALD FROY



Sweet & sour



"I can remember when you used to look at me like that!"



Canadian history revisited

By Peter Whalley



UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS ARRIVE IN NOVA SCOTIA

How to make New Year's resolutions that won't hardly break

First draft. For the coming year, 1958, I resolve: 1. To attend all PTA and other school, civic and cultural meetings recommended by my wife. 2. To stop drinking. 3. To add on a playroom to the house. 4. To refrain from watching fights or wrestling matches on television. 5. To walk at least two miles a day. 6. To eliminate tobacco in all forms. 7. To read at least one worthwhile book a week. 8. To cut out fried foods and desserts. 9. To devote at least half my week-end time to the children. 10. To raise a vegetable garden sufficient to supply all needs for the family.

Second draft. I resolve: Not to refuse to attend all school and civic meetings, to drink less, to do some work around the place, waste less time watching fights, get in a walk occasionally, cut down on smoking, try to get in some good reading, eat more sensibly, spend some time with the kids, and do some gardening.

Final draft. I solemnly resolve to make every effort to accomplish more, take better care of myself, and behave more sensibly than I did last year, provided these efforts are received with patience and understanding.

PARKE CUMMINGS



How I became an equal

Continued from page 19

two months and then went to the Queen Charlotte Islands and spent the season working in a salmon cannery.

I returned to Steveston solvent; I had saved two hundred dollars. What now, I asked myself. Should I again try to find a job as a radio repairman or should I—the idea seemed almost too bold—should I start my own business?

I gave myself the answer I wanted. I hurried to Vancouver and spent what I could on tools and equipment.

Then I went back to Steveston, found a vacant shop and rented it. At 16 I was, I guess, the youngest tradesman in town.

I didn't wait for business. I couldn't afford to. I took my tool kit and went from door to door looking for radios to fix. The majority of the people living in Steveston were Japanese. Many of them spoke little English. Except for a few simple phrases, I spoke no Japanese. But it wasn't long before I'd acquired a fair working knowledge of the language. Not that my business was done exclusively with Japanese. I made a good many customers among the English farmers who came in to Steveston to shop.

"The day our world changed"

Altogether things went well for me. Eventually I moved to a better location. I got a store on Main Street next door to the post office. My apartment was at the rear. I was already handling a line of radios and phonographs and I expanded the stock to include typewriters. I even began selling pianos.

By then the days of lugging my tool kit from door to door were behind me. I owned a truck and had a couple of local boys working for me. I drove a late-model car and, at last, I was realizing the second of my dual ambitions—I was taking flying lessons at Sea Island airport.

Then came December 7.

I remember some of the older folks in Steveston, people who listened to the short-wave broadcasts from Japan, predicting trouble but I didn't pay much attention. I had already taken my army medical but, like the other Japanese boys, had been told to wait until I was called. I never was.

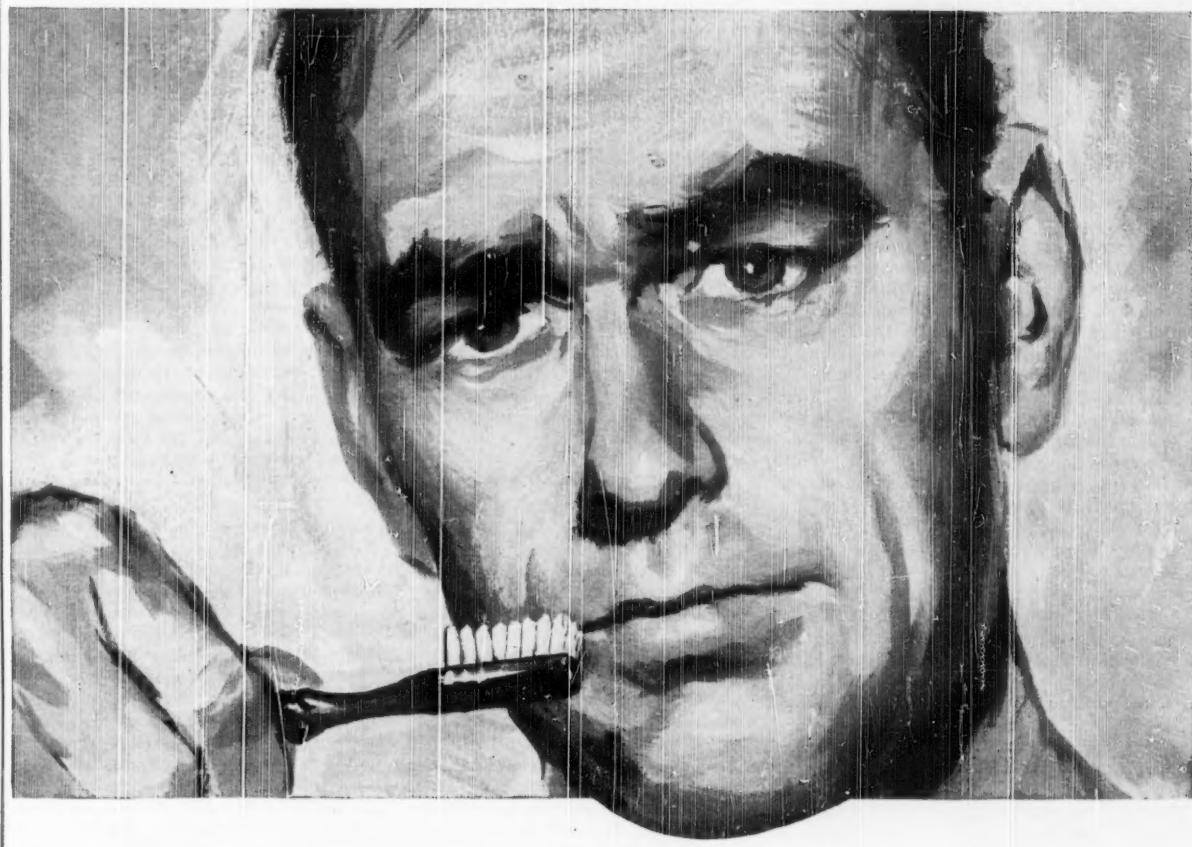
When war did come we expected restrictions. But we didn't expect some of the things that happened. A curfew was imposed and rumors flew wildly. One was that the whole Japanese community, even the Canadian-born, would be sent to Japan.

After a period of confusion during which the authorities issued directives and counter-directives, it was ruled that no Japanese, irrespective of allegiance or birth, could live within a hundred miles of the Pacific. I had about a month to pack up.

It was a hard thing to do for anyone who considered himself a Canadian, but there was no reprieve and I went ahead with the liquidation of my business. I tried to sell at what I thought was a reasonable price but the situation was hopeless. No Japanese could get what his property was worth.

I'd been selling a lot of radios on time and I was told I'd have to make good for

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TASTES GOOD
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"No matter how desperately employers needed help they were not prepared to hire a Japanese . . . "

them even though they'd been confiscated by the RCMP. I put my business up as collateral to guarantee the payments to the company that supplied them. I tried a couple of times after the war to have some adjustment made on this but I've given up on it now. Anyway, whenever I think of it I start to boil.

My connection with Steveston ended. I gathered up my personal belongings and moved to Hastings Park in Vancouver where able-bodied young men destined for government-sponsored work projects in the east were being mustered. My parents arrived at Hastings Park just as I was preparing to leave and I was able to see them, if only for half an hour and under very difficult circumstances. Their farm had been taken over by the Custodian of Enemy Property (it was later sold for approximately two thousand dollars) and they were being sent, along with other older people, to a ghost-town relocation centre in the interior of British Columbia.

It was in April 1942 that I set out on my trip across the country. We traveled in old day coaches with wicker seats and a stove in the centre of the car. Our diet for the four days was pretty much limited to wieners and buns and eggs.

We were not a happy crew that morning we climbed down from the train at a siding near Jackfish, Ont., a hundred miles northeast of Fort William. It was crisp and clear and as we trudged through snow three feet deep from the railway siding to the cluster of bunkhouses it seemed as though my world had come to an end. There I was a member of a despised race, suspect in my native Canada, my business gone. It was worse than anything I could imagine.

But once established at Jackfish I didn't have much time to brood. I worked first as a pick-and-shovel hand on a road job and later as an orderly in the camp infirmary. It was not an internment camp though our movements and activities were controlled. We reported in and out. I used to go occasionally to the pub in Jackfish, three miles away. We were paid, too — twenty-five cents an hour, from which twenty-five cents a day was deducted for board. The room was free.

After I had been at the camp about six months the authorities began moving people out for work elsewhere, mostly to the sugar-beet fields of southern Ontario. I decided to take a bold step and applied for permission to go direct to Toronto and take my chances on finding a job there. I was surprised when only a short time later I was issued an identification card and told that, aside from having to report to the RCMP once a month, I was on my own. I was a new man!

I went straight to Toronto to see Ernest Trueman, who was head of the Japanese division of the Department of Labor and a man who, I think, did more than anybody else to ease the relocation problems of the Japanese in Ontario. Through Trueman's office I got at least a dozen leads on jobs but none of them panned out. There was a real manpower problem but no matter how desperately people needed help they were not prepared to hire a Japanese. I knew I was in for a hard time.

I thought my luck had changed when one day in London the manager of a small plant engaged in war work said that while he was probably asking for trouble he was prepared to take me on. "Start tomorrow morning," he said.

I was elated. I rented a room and that night was lying on my bed mulling over

my good fortune when the landlady called me to the telephone. It was my boss-to-be.

"Something has come up," he said. "My employees have found out that I'm hiring you and they're threatening to strike. It might be rough going but I'm willing to take a chance if you are. What do you say?"

What could I say? I admired his attitude but I could see no point in creating an ugly situation. I thanked him and said I'd try to find something elsewhere.

I went back to Toronto and with two other Japanese boys moved into two cheap rooms in the centre of the city. To save money we took all our meals at the YMCA. (I was living on my small savings from the relocation projects.) In one respect at least I had changed; I was no longer so sensitive to snubs and hostile stares. And a good thing it was because there was a lot of real bitterness in those days.

"We were walking on eggs"

Most people in eastern Canada had never before seen Japanese. We were oddities to them. Their impressions were formed from what they heard or read in the newspapers, so I guess you couldn't blame them. We were walking on eggs for quite a while.

I combed Toronto in search of work for close to two months. Then one day I went to a fairly large radio sales and service store that I'd heard needed a repairman. I got the job, no questions asked. The pay was twenty dollars a week. That was it! I knew the tide had turned.

I was running their service department when, after eighteen months, I quit to start my own business. It was then 1944.

I rented a small shop on College Street in the west-central part of the city and lived in a one-room apartment upstairs. I did the repair work for several radio stores. That kept me busy enough. But I had something else in mind.

I had always been interested in electric motors and I began designing a phonograph turntable motor suitable for Ontario's 25-cycle current. Phonograph motors weren't being manufactured in Canada and the market was growing. It seemed clear to me that to put myself on easy street I only needed to develop an acceptable product. And it looked so easy. Ignorance, of course, is bliss.

Tools and dies had to be made and I hired a couple of apprentice tool makers to work with me part-time. I repaired radios by day and made tools and dies by night. I worked twenty hours a day more often than I care to remember.

It was a trial-and-error process. We'd build a motor and then have to tear it apart. Sometimes it took as long as two months to produce two satisfactory units. But we finally perfected a motor. Before we could go into production, however, we had to make new tools: the old ones wouldn't stand up and had to be scrapped. But at last we got underway.

I was confident that I had something good; if any doubts lingered they were dispelled by a letter I received early in 1946 from a company distributing electronic equipment. They said they were impressed with my product and if I was prepared to join them and supervise its production they would pay me ten thousand dollars a year. This convinced me I was on the right track and I turned them down. It wasn't long after this that I got a telephone call from another company with a similar proposition, which I also

rejected. How times had changed.

We were still operating out of the same shop on College Street (by then we had taken over the basement) and I was still living in the apartment upstairs. I had six employees. But my operating capital was so limited that every shipment of a dozen motors had to be cash-on-delivery so that I could make a dozen more. Something had to be done.

I went to see Stanley Honsberger, a lawyer I had heard about. I was scared. He agreed to help and said first I should set up a company. We did and he became a director. He still is. He's been like a father to me.

I was soon selling all the motors I could manufacture. In 1947 when I started making automatic record changers under a cross-licensing arrangement with an American firm I had to move to a bigger location. I now had a working force of seventy people. I branched into electric fans that same year when I found that basically the motor used to power a phonograph turntable would drive a fan. Later I applied the same principle to the electric ironer.

In the meantime I had managed to complete the flying lessons I'd begun years before in Steveston. In the fall of 1947 when I went back to British Columbia for the first time, I was flying my own plane. I didn't consider it a triumph; I was happy to be able to go back at all.

"It's an asset to be different"

It was some time before I got over my self-consciousness about being Japanese. I think the break came one day when a friend of mine, an executive of a trade-magazine publishing company, asked me why I never attended meetings of the trade associations to which my company belonged.

While I fumbled for an answer, he suggested, "Is it because you're afraid somebody might stare at you?" I agreed that maybe that was the reason. "But don't you see," he said, "you've got an asset in being different. Why not use it?"

I took the advice. I don't mean to appear vain but I think I can sit down at a meeting and though I may not say a damn word everybody there will know who I am. And if they don't, they make it a point to find out.

My progress was steady from 1946 on. In 1949 I reached a heady plateau when sales exceeded half a million dollars. But the early part of 1950 had its dark moments. I'd been involved in a car accident and the critical chest injuries I suffered left me bedridden for six months.

Between telephone calls to the office I propped a drawing board on my knees and designed the first direct-drive three-speed record-changer motor. It was patented in both the United States and Canada and is still in use. That year our sales climbed to a record high of \$911,000.

Another event, much more important to me, occurred in 1950. I met my wife. Her name then was Gwen Gammon and she was working as a secretary for an electrical manufacturer in Montreal. Flying, with one of my salesmen as a sort of middleman, brought us together.

Gwen was very much interested in airplanes though she wasn't a pilot herself. Our sales representative in Montreal called regularly at her office and mentioned one day that I was flying in from Toronto and that he could probably arrange a flip.

He was right: he could arrange it; and I don't think it's inaccurate to say we've

JASPER

By Simpkins



"Isn't that the tie Mother gave you for Christmas?"

been flying a good part of the time ever since. We flew to Nassau on our holidays last spring in our five-place amphibian aircraft. Gwen often joins me on business trips to New York and Chicago and every now and then we hop down to Montreal for Sunday dinner. She's as keen a flying fan as ever though still not a pilot.

Gwen and I worked with the architects in planning our house. It's a long, low, L-shaped place with ten rooms. It overlooks a deep wooded ravine in suburban northwest Toronto.

We have a six-year-old son named Arthur. He's a lively little fellow and, like most children, extremely curious. That's what gave me the inspiration for one of my more valuable patents.

Little Arthur was playing around the living room one night a couple of years ago, pushing, poking, exploring everything within reach. As I sat there watching him I began to think what a great thing it would be if I could develop a fan that wouldn't be a hazard to children's fingers.

I sat down at my desk right away and roughed out the design for a fan that proved quite revolutionary. It's different in a very simple way: the air is channeled by four metal louvers that oscillate back and forth in front of the fan, while the housing remains stationary. The face of the unit is covered by a tight mesh grill. We call it the only completely child-proof fan on the market. It won a 1955 award from the National Design Council.

Working from the same idea we then produced a fan heater with a dark element—"no glow to attract the children's fingers" is the way we describe it in our promotional literature. It won another Design Council award.

Fans have always been big with us. In fact, we very nearly dominate the Canadian market, making about sixty thousand a year. We changed the name of the company from the original Phono Motors to Seabreeze Manufacturing, with fan sales in mind. We thought Seabreeze was a more appropriate name for a fan. Now it applies to all our products even though record players have superseded fans as our biggest volume item.

We're pioneering the manufacture of tape recorders in Canada and we've introduced stereophonic sound in our high-fidelity equipment. And we're still the only people in the country making automatic record changers.

Our record players have close to forty percent of the Canadian market. During the peak pre-Christmas rush we produce a thousand a day. Of course, we've now graduated to a much bigger factory. We have forty-five thousand square feet of manufacturing space, plus warehousing,

and a total of two hundred employees.

Our volume in 1956 was just under three and a half million dollars. For the first ten months of last year business was up about forty percent. When I point this out I like to stop and think of all the great things that have happened to me in these few years, and, most important, of all the people who have had confidence in me and helped me.

I'm thinking of the bankers and the executives of the big corporations, the hard-cut businessmen we hear so much about. The fact that they opened their

doors to me meant an awful lot, especially when you bear in mind that not too long since I would hesitate to ask directions in the street for fear of causing a scene.

There was another important factor. Ottawa, in those days, was as remote as any place could be. I thought of it only as the seat of a government that had brought so much anguish into the lives of me and my people. But as my business picked up it became necessary for me to travel there from time to time. I had to call on ministers and deputy ministers.

I found myself welcome in their offices. I was treated like an equal. And very soon I began to feel like a Canadian.

We're living in a wonderful country. I mean "wonderful" when a guy like me with no background, no ancestors to call on and no education to speak of can accomplish all I have at thirty-eight. I'm in a business with tremendous opportunities. Nobody will tell me what I can or can't do. It's all up to me.

I have only one complaint: I've never been able to do much with my golf game. ★

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Nearly everybody's saying,

**"Mabel,
Black Label!"**

THE BEST BREWS IN THE WORLD COME FROM CARLING'S

Glassed-in showers and fireplaces are luxury touches. But where do kids play when it rains?

from shipbuilders. Now architects are using in houses the same space-saving gimmicks found in trailers. Storage cupboards line the hall and bedrooms; appliances are scaled to fit into cramped areas. A typical mobile home, in the most popular size (forty feet by ten) sleeps six people. Including all furnishings, from the shower curtain to the door chime and the Venetian blinds, it costs about six thousand dollars.

The oak-paneled living room has windows on three sides, with floor-to-ceiling pull drapes. Furniture consists of a hide-away-bed sofa, a matching armchair, two end tables and a lamp. The purchaser can choose the decorating scheme. Current tastes run to lipstick-red with metallic-thread chesterfields and wrought-iron legs on everything. Most trailer owners in receiving areas have television sets; a TV hookup aerial is a standard service line in trailer parks.

Anything else squeezed in depends on the individual family. The hi-fi craze has hit the trailer population too and people are building their own sets, using the kitchen-living room divider as a bombast for the speaker. The Vernon Flynns, who come from Dawson City and have travelled across the country in their trailer, managed to find room for a standard-size upright piano.

Overhead shelves are designed for books or ornaments but one woman created her own small and humid green jungle by cramming them with twenty pots of rambling ivy plants. Another woman found space in a twelve-foot room for her collection of fifty dolls.

Trailer kitchens are as trim as a submarine's galley, with ten-cubic-foot refrigerators, double sinks, eye-level ovens, apartment-size gas ranges, exhaust fans and lots of cupboards. There's a twenty-gallon hot-water tank concealed under the sink. A dividing shelf with a flat top for work space usually separates the living room from the kitchen, and some trailers have bamboo screens to completely conceal the kitchen. A four-chair dinette suite fits into this area but a few models have drop-leaf tables and folding chairs that can be stored in a cupboard.

The master bedroom, crammed with built-in drawers and overhead cupboards with sliding doors, is located in mid-trailer. In it, a double bed is flanked with night tables and a mirrored dressing table huddles against the wall. The bathroom, next door, has pink or turquoise fixtures, a full-length tub, glassed-in shower, toilet and mirrored washbasin. Another, smaller bedroom at the rear, usually equipped with bunk beds, provides sleeping space for children. Toys or dirty laundry can be stuffed out of the way into storage drawers under the beds.

All kinds of extras are available. An automatic washer-dryer can be installed in the kitchen or bathroom. One ingenious trailer owner, Mrs. Shirley Lindsay, of Naughton, Ont., had an ordinary washing machine chopped down and built into the bathroom, then tiled over the washbasin and washing machine so that they looked like one unit. Broadloom carpeting instead of linoleum, central air conditioning, a fireplace, garbage disposal unit and indirect lighting are also available.

Heat is provided by a thermostat-controlled, centrally located oil heater and a winter's fuel bill, even in the far north,

is rarely more than ninety dollars. The fact that mobile homes can stand up to severe Arctic blizzards is a surprise to many people who think of them as summer-only propositions. There is a large trailer colony at Tok, Alaska, where temperatures drop to sixty-five below zero. The H. F. McGinness Co., of Peterborough, Ont., has built trailers on sleighs for use by the Canadian and U.S. governments in Arctic defense projects.

The most important thing new trailer owners have to learn is how to organize their living space, which is little more than twice the size of the living room in an average home. They learn to do away with nonessentials but say it takes at least two months to adjust to their cramped living area. One new mobile-home owner, Mrs. Marjorie Kingyens, of Elliot Lake, Ont., found that when she got all her family's belongings into their mobile home, there was hardly room for the family. Everything has to have a fixed place and both adults and children learn to put things away as soon as they've finished with them. A complete house-cleaning only takes about two hours, so trailer wives have more time to spend with their children.

Trouble with a tilting trailer

What to do with the kids on a rainy day is a thorny problem in a trailer. Recent models have sliding doors between rooms so one end of the trailer can be shut off and children can play on the hallway floor. Some families are using folding beds, instead of fixed bunks, in the second bedroom so that their children can have more floor space to play. But kids often manage to find more spectacular ways to amuse themselves. Mrs. Dorcas Arsenault, the wife of a catering-company manager now stationed at Chibougamau, Que., was sleeping peacefully early one morning last year at Elliot Lake, Ont., when she awoke to find her bed sliding across the room and the dishes crashing from the cupboards. Her eight-year-old son, Marcel, had gone outside to play and was keeping himself busy by jacking up the Arsenault mobile home with an old car jack.

It takes less than an hour for mobile home owners to get ready to move but the moving itself involves difficulties. Highway regulations in some provinces forbid travel to ten-foot-wide trailers on busy highways at peak hours. At speeds above twenty-five mph trailers have a tendency to sway dangerously and backing up a trailer takes an expert. An average-priced car, such as a Ford or Chevrolet, can move trailers smaller than forty feet long, but anything bigger needs a heavier car or truck. About two thirds of Canadian trailer owners use the services of firms specializing in mobile-home moves. Many trailers never get towed anywhere by car: they're shipped by railway flatcar. The cartoonist's concept of people riding about in trailers, with housewives leaning out side windows to gossip at stoplights, just isn't so. It's illegal to travel in a moving trailer.

On pipeline construction the workers move in sixty-mile hops to new parking sites every week. But few mobile homes are moved more often than twice a year; two families, at the Pleasant Valley Park near Toronto, have lived in the same trailers on the same land for a decade. A U.S. sociologist, L. C. Michelon, has analyzed the psychological attitude of people who live in trailers but rarely move around: the fact that their homes can be moved is supposed to give them a feeling of freedom and satisfies their desire to keep out of the rut of routine living.

Trailers aren't suitable living quarters for the possession-proud who dote on elaborate furniture, or for space-demanding hobby addicts, or gregarious couples who like to entertain lavishly. What kind of people do find mobile homes the most suitable form of housing? Trailer dwellers come from almost every employment category. The Canadian Mobile Home Association, an organization of trailer manufacturers, dealers and owners, calls them simply "mobile occupation workers." Some are golf pros, race-horse trainers and entertainers.

A Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation survey in 1955 showed that the average trailer dweller's income was just under four thousand dollars, or three

hundred dollars more than the national average. Some trailerites in uranium boom towns earn more than ten thousand dollars a year.

Most trailer owners are under forty and, contrary to popular belief, there are rarely more than three people (usually a couple and one child) to each trailer. Three quarters of them are either skilled workers whose specialized jobs make it profitable to follow the booms, or married armed-service personnel whose frequent postings make permanent quarters impractical.

The rolling home is a familiar sight in Canada's pioneer communities and more than half of the six thousand mobile-home owners are drawn from the group of itinerant workers who move from one unpopulated job site to another—miners, engineers, construction, pipeline and hydro workers. Trailer settlements around Cornwall, Ont., are housing much of the Seaway labor overflow.

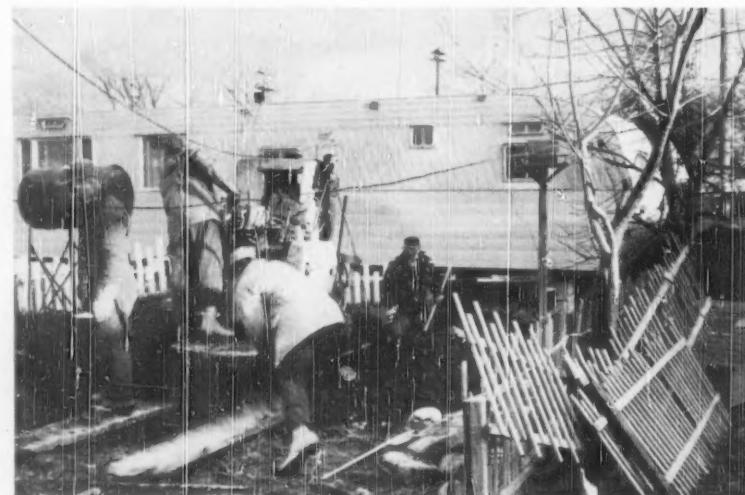
At Elliot Lake, Ont., the site of the largest uranium mines in the world, a whole new community has been built out of the wilderness. There are fifteen hundred mobile homes housing nearly forty-five hundred people. Trailers are being used for almost everything. Dentists pull teeth in them. The Bell Telephone has installed a mobile switchboard in one of them, capable of handling five hundred phones. The Bank of Montreal cashes cheques in a mobile branch, and there's a beauty salon on wheels operated by Mrs. Isabel Capillo.

Construction-company owners and mining interests have realized the advantage of housing workers in mobile homes. Officials of Steep Rock Mines at Atikokan, Ont., have formed their own community of one hundred company-owned trailers. They rent them to employees. The Ontario Hydro bought a fleet of trailers last year and they're being used as bunk-bed dormitories for hydro men working in the bush. Company officials say they just can't get skilled workers earning large salaries to stay in unpopulated areas without good accommodation.

The second biggest group of mobile-home owners are armed-service members, mostly men in the air force. Servicemen have difficulty finding suitable housing quarters for their families. At most military centres there aren't enough married quarters to go around, and rented housing often costs an exorbitant amount. At Camp Borden, before the establishment of a mobile-home park was approved by the township, landlords were charging seventy-five dollars a month for condemned hen coops. At some air-force bases, such as Gander, Nfld., or the jet base at Cold Lake, Alta., married quarters or rented housing aren't available at all. The airman with a mobile home has the only possible means of keeping his family with him when he gets such a posting.

Early in 1956 the Department of National Defense, gave official approval to mobile homes by allowing camp commanders to extend facilities, such as hydro and garbage collection, to trailer settlements of soldiers and their families.

For a third group, retired people living on modest incomes, trailers can be the ideal accommodation. They can settle down in one of the well-equipped parks or follow good weather. In the U.S., where the popularity of the trailer far



When does a trailer become a house?

Workmen lay sewers into trailers at Pleasant Valley, near Toronto, Canada's largest trailer park. Other services include water, electricity, telephone and mail delivery.

surpasses even the happiest hopes of Canadian manufacturers, an estimated three hundred thousand people of retirement age live in trailers.

Some parks are luxurious playgrounds. At big parks in California space rent goes as high as a hundred and seventy-five dollars per month. Services include oceanside mooring for the trailerite's boat, telephone, television, a swimming pool, clubhouse and shopping centre.

In Canada the trailer-park situation lags far behind that in the U.S. Of the two hundred privately owned trailer parks here, only a handful have adequate facilities. The Canadian Mobile Home Association estimates that Ontario alone needs at least two hundred parks to accommodate the number of mobile homes being used in the province. At the few good parks in Canada rent is about thirty-five dollars a month and services include electricity, water and garbage collection.

A community spirit grows in parks such as Pleasant Valley in Toronto, the Highland Trailer Park in Bancroft, Ont., and the Covered Wagon in Fort Garry, Man. Pleasant Valley, the largest park in Canada, has "streets" along which new mobile homes are parked in choice locations. Old trailers are stationed on out-of-the-way "back streets." Families settle down for long periods, cultivating flower gardens and building side porches.

But many people are still living in shabby parks without adequate drainage, garbage disposal or proper sanitation, and municipalities, especially in Ontario, are reluctant to either build parks or to encourage the establishment of private ones. Their reluctance stems from ugly memories of the trailer camps that sprang up ten years ago in urban areas where work was plentiful and houses scarce. They think of trailerites as shiftless nomads, eager to take advantage of municipal services but unwilling to pay taxes. Because they don't rest on permanent foundations, mobile homes are not considered assessable property. Thus trailer owners, since they don't pay property taxes, are disenfranchised at the municipal level. In Ontario the law allows municipalities to charge a maximum license fee of ten dollars a month. William C. Smith, president of the Canadian Mobile Home Association, feels that a more logical solution has been adopted by Lancaster, N.B., where mobile homes have been made assessable properties at a thousand dollars each.

Smith feels sure that if legislation involving mobile-home parks were brought up to date, the number of trailers sold in Canada would double within a year; and he forecasts that within the next decade the mobile-home business will be a \$100-million-a-year industry. Trailer living has already achieved remarkable success in the U.S., where there are twelve thousand trailer parks and trailer sales last year topped five hundred million dollars.

Canadian manufacturers are also doing a brisk business in custom-built trailers required for a variety of unusual uses. In Montreal there's a Roman Catholic chapel for cabbies in a converted trailer. Besides the altar, it has a lounge and snack bar and moves to a different location in the city every day. The Anglican

Church has a similar Mission to Seamen trailer that parks on Toronto's waterfront. Trailers are also used as bookmobiles, Red Cross dispensaries, laboratories and as salesmen's display space for everything from chinaware to clothing.

Probably the world's most luxurious mobile home was built in the United States for the late King Abdul Aziz Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia. It had a diamond-studded throne room, mahogany-paneled walls with an inlaid solid-gold crest in the royal bedroom, plus a small harem. The house trailer of the future promises to be almost as opulent. John Hays Hammond Jr., a Boston inventor, is already building eighteen-ton trailers with Plexiglas observation domes, sundecks, wall safes, movie screens and attachable ten-thousand-gallon swimming pools. Another project of Hammond's is a self-propelled helicopter mobile home.

In 1936 Roger Babson, a well-known American business prognosticator, created a fearful flurry with his prediction that within fifty years half the population of North America would be living on wheels. With trailers looking more and more like ranch bungalows and trailer parks beginning to resemble sections of suburbia, it's possible that his forecast may come true. ★

STATEMENT OF RETRACTION

Maclean's Magazine regrets the paragraph published in its issue dated November 23, 1957, wherein it was stated as follows:

"When the east finally got around to appointing a commissioner last year, it named Judge Allan Fraser whose only previous connection with sport was that he'd once been an official of the Ottawa Valley Softball league."

Maclean's Magazine is happy to say that Judge Fraser has had the following association with sports:

1919-1921: Commodore, Victoria Yacht Club, Aylmer, Que.

1923: Commodore, Britannia Boating Club (since about 1922, Trustee and part donor of Victoria Cup, representing club championship for paddling of Northern Division of Canadian Canoe Association).

1924: Member of Executive of Ottawa Football Club.

1925-1930: Member of Executive and Secretary of Ottawa Football Club. (During this period he represented the club at practically every executive meeting and annual meeting of the Inter-provincial Rugby Football Union.)

1929: Secretary-Treasurer of Inter-provincial Football Union.

1933: Secretary-Treasurer of Inter-provincial Football Union.

1942-1955: Commissioner of Eastern Canada Senior Hockey League; Commissioner of Ottawa Senior Hockey League; Commissioner of Ottawa Junior Hockey League; Commissioner of Ottawa Lacrosse League.

For several years, associated with Bill Cowley and others in the management and administration of the Ottawa Senior Softball League.

When professional baseball folded up in Ottawa a few years ago, he was member of a group that resurrected Senior Amateur Baseball in Ottawa. Was asked to be President of newly founded league but refused, and was appointed Honorary President.

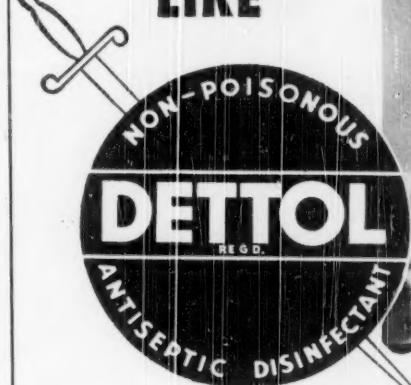
Vice-President for two years of Ottawa Junior Football League.

Past President and now Honorary Treasurer, Christie Lake Boys' Camp. Charter Member and Director, Citizens' Committee on Children.

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AT HOME Davie Fulton adjusts daughter Cynthia's hair, says good-bys to Patricia and wife Pat as he dashes from breakfast to work.

The second most powerful Tory continued from page 17

Liberal cabinet minister who often tangles with him.

In and out of parliament Fulton has trouble muzzling his emotions. Soon after last summer's election he went for a day to the Canadian Bar Association's annual convention at Banff. He tiptoed into the opening session and sat down at the back of the hall. The meeting's chairman asked him to come up and say a few words. When Fulton reached the rostrum the thousand lawyers in the room spontaneously stood up and cheered him. For minutes no sound came over the microphone. Canada's brand-new minister of justice was weeping so uncontrollably that he could do nothing but nod.

The most moving moment of his life, Fulton claims, was at 11 a.m. last June 21, when he signed the Oath of Office Book after being sworn into the Privy Council. "It was a great thrill," he says. "The volume's first signature is that of Sir John A. Macdonald." That afternoon he took a taxi to the Justice Department and began reading the accumulated mail.

Fulton's critics claim he's not qualified to sit in the justice office. They point out that he has practiced law for only a few months at a time between House sittings, has appeared in court less than a dozen times, and received his appointment as Queen's Counsel only nine days after becoming minister of justice. Others insist that his vitality and strength of character will make him known as one of the ablest justice ministers in Canadian history.

In his twin-hat parliamentary capacity Fulton is responsible for Canada's internal security, the drafting of all government legislation, and this country's immigration policies. Among other things, he reports to the House for the RCMP, the National Film Board, the Restrictive Trade Practices Commission, the Indian Affairs Branch, the National Gallery, the Penitentiaries Branch, judges and federal litigation and remissions.

During Diefenbaker's frequent absences from Ottawa and before Sidney Smith's appointment to the post, Fulton was also Acting Secretary of State for External Affairs. This was a lunch-hour chore. He approved treaties placing

B.C.'s \$15-million-a-year pink-salmon catch under the authority of the International Pacific Salmon Fisheries Commission, and a document making Canada a member of President Eisenhower's Atoms for Peace plan—the first international pacts signed by the Conservative government.

While Diefenbaker was in London, some Russian scientists applied for permission to visit Cyrus Eaton's "home for thinkers" at Pugwash, N.S. External Affairs was concerned because the request had come from the U.S.S.R. Embassy. Justice was worried about the security aspects. Immigration wanted to know if it could issue the necessary visas.

Ordinarily, the decision would be made by a committee of the three ministers. But they all happened to be Fulton. He finally decided the only fair solution was to refer the question to the rest of the cabinet, who approved the Russians' entry.

In spite of his partisan loyalties, Fulton maintains the impression of being more interested in political science than party politics. Last spring he astonished an Empire Club luncheon in Toronto by illustrating his points in a lecturelike speech on the proper functions of parliament with quotes entirely from Liberal politicians. "I went into politics very seriously," he says, "not in any crusading manner, but with a feeling that certain basic philosophies are good for this country." His conviction that enlightened policies do not fit the PC platform must be altered, inevitably stirs up an angry huff among old-line Tories inside party caucus.

Because he is recognized as the PCs' chief oracle on parliamentary rules, Fulton is continually being stopped along the corridors by fledgling MPs for consultation on the intricacies of House behavior. Confidence in their tutor would suffer if they had witnessed Fulton's own first parliamentary moments.

An MP's House of Commons debut is a mutual truce by tradition. The novice talks uncontroversially about his constituency; the opposite benches allow him to proceed unchallenged. In 1945, during his first week in parliament, Fulton asked

Mackenzie King a question that should have been given to the Clerk of the House for inclusion in the order paper. King, furious, lectured Fulton on proper House procedure.

"I was pretty nervous and I thought I had made a hideous blunder," recalls Fulton. "Then I began feeling irritated." On the afternoon of the same day, Fulton became the first English-speaking Conservative MP to give part of his maiden speech in French. He hardly mentioned Kamloops, but he attacked King's policies with such vigor that he was interrupted eleven times by three angry Liberal cabinet ministers. King was so impressed that he leaned over to his seat mate Ian Mackenzie, then minister of veterans' affairs, and whispered, "That young man will lead the Tories someday."

During his first three-month session, Fulton spoke forty-two times—an unprecedented record for a new member. The Liberal back-benchers nicknamed him Buttercup, because he had a yellow top and kept popping up all the time, and jeered whenever the brash young man from Kamloops, who dressed as if he were still at Oxford, stood up to speak. (In those days Fulton spent many of his off hours at Ottawa playing polo and throwing darts in a back-bencher's parliamentary office. He wore high starched collars and always had a handkerchief flopping out of his left sleeve.)

He lectured the House on Canada's blueberry problem. He complained bitterly about the excise tax on imported fire engines, the methods being used to dispose of secondhand army slippers and the payment of copyright dues for band concerts at agricultural fairs. He attacked the variety of memo-paper pads used by the civil service and the imports of Malayan throwing daggers for police exhibitions. He even tangled with Jean-François Pouliot, the Liberals' most practiced acrobat of parliament repartee:

POULIOT: I will ask Kamloops to keep quiet until I look after him.

FULTON: Talk sense and I'll keep quiet.

POULIOT: Quack, quacks quack.

FULTON: That's just what you sound like.

The Liberals' most crushing attack on Fulton came from Jimmy Sinclair, a fellow Rhodes Scholar who later became minister of fisheries. He told the House that the member for Kamloops, with the arrogance of youth and the assurance that comes from membership in the Oxford Union, pontificated in lordly fashion over all public issues. The PC benches applauded the insult as hard as the Liberals. Tory Whip L. E. Cardiff later privately thanked Sinclair for his temporary silencing of Fulton.

Sinclair and Fulton used to spend many after-session evenings in their offices, loudly debating the merits of their rival political parties. One night at 2 a.m. Fulton's temper exploded. He emphasized a particularly telling point by punching the tip of his umbrella through the glass panel of Sinclair's door. When Sinclair's secretary saw the bulletlike hole next morning, she ran to the nearest commissioner and blurted out, "Davie Fulton has finally shot Mr. Sinclair."

Some of Fulton's early parliamentary battles had strange roots. In 1953, when his wife's third pregnancy produced an aversion to the odor of frying bacon, Fulton agreed to cook breakfast. He found that the bacon, wrapped in red-lined Cellophane, contained far more fat than would appear from its package. Fulton, who likes lean bacon, got so mad that during an after-breakfast sitting of the House one day he introduced a change in the Food and Drugs Act. This, plus pressure from the Canadian Association of Consumers, eventually forced packers to use unlined, transparent packaging.

He became one of the few MPs in Canadian history to push through an amendment of a major statute while in opposition. In 1949 he succeeded in having section 207 of the Criminal Code altered to ban crime comics. During his two-year battle to have the law changed he jolted dozing back-benchers by reading into Hansard Green Hornet episodes and a comic strip called Undressed to Kill.

Hundreds of mothers wrote Fulton, praising his law. But recently his wife exposed a family secret. "Contrary to public opinion," she admitted, "Davie reads the funny papers." Pogo is his favorite.

Early in 1956, when the pipeline debate might have ended as an unpopular filibuster, Fulton was the first Conservative to distill the fight into a constitutional issue. He became his party's chief House strategist. Fulton argued about the shades of dictionary word definitions, questioned House rules which had always been taken for granted and was on his feet, shouting at the Liberals, before his chief George Drew had a chance to rise.

During the frenzied debate Fulton was leafing through a Commons copy of Arthur Beauchesne's Parliamentary Rules and Forms when he found a sheet of notepaper on which was copied, from the book's sample text, the draft motion stating, "that E. D. Fulton, member from Kamloops, be suspended from the service of the House . . . for the remainder of the present sitting." The motion had been copied out by some Liberal opponent but was never introduced because Donald Fleming's expulsion in the midst of the pipeline controversy became a political asset for the Conservatives.

The note is now framed in Fulton's parliamentary office. Near it hangs the picture of a covey of partridge breaking out of the brush near Kamloops.

Gliding through the rock-and-lake-strewn Caribou country, hunting Prairie chicken, pheasant, partridge and ducks with Carri, his Labrador retriever, is Ful-

ton's favorite holiday. He also likes to cast for trout around his summer cottage at Lac Le Jeune, near Kamloops. Last summer the English novelist Graham Greene and his daughter Lucy were his guests for a long week end. Fulton enjoyed the conversation, but his Kamloopsian pride was strained by Greene's thank-you gesture. It arrived a few weeks later in the form of his latest book, inscribed, "With thanks for an enjoyable visit in Calgary."

The Fultons' four-bedroom frame house in the west end of Kamloops contains many mementos of the family's long political tradition. Fulton's grandfather was B. C.'s eighth premier, his great uncle its tenth and later the province's chief justice. An uncle was speaker of the B. C. legislature from 1931 to 1933. Fred J. Fulton, Davie's father, served as attorney-general and minister of lands and works in B. C.'s McBride administration near the turn of the century and was elected federal MP for Caribou in 1917. His mother, now seventy-seven, reads every issue of Hansard and when in Ottawa daily attends the House of Commons gallery to watch her Davie in action. "I don't think he has changed at all," she says, "but perhaps he has learned a little patience."

She remembers that Fulton startled an inquisitive baby-sitter when he was ten, by declaring, "I think that I shall go into public life." He attended St. Michael's, at Victoria, with K. W. Symons, now the private school's headmaster. "Davie," Symons recalls, "was a round-faced, red-headed little chap — quiet and fairly bright." He once handed in his history homework on some of his father's old House of Commons letterheads. "I'll be there one day," he told the teacher.

Fulton took a general arts degree at the University of British Columbia, where he rowed, played Britannicus in G. B. Shaw's Caesar and Cleopatra and in 1936 won a Rhodes Scholarship. After studying law at Oxford's St. John's College he joined his father's legal firm in Kamloops a few months before resigning to enlist in the Seaforth Highlanders. He went overseas in October 1940, commanded an infantry company in the Italian fighting, and later he was deputy assistant adjutant-general of the 1st Canadian Infantry Division.

In October 1944, Fulton got a letter from Dr. Charles Willoughby, an executive of the Kamloops Progressive Conservative Association. "Some of us here have been wondering if you would be prepared to consider accepting the PC nomination in the next federal election," Willoughby wrote. The letter's last paragraph was: "We hope you won't mind, but as a matter of fact, we nominated you at a meeting last night."

Twenty-eight days before the election Fulton flew home and set up campaign headquarters at Mrs. Roberts' Beauty Parlor. The seat had been held since its creation in 1935 by Liberal T. J. (Tip) O'Neill, an Irish locomotive driver, who had well-organized support in the predominantly labor riding.

Fulton campaigned in his kilt. He square-danced at every Elk Hall in the constituency and damned the Liberals' manpower policies. He credits a ghost with his win. On election night he was consistently trailing O'Neill by about three hundred votes. The only unreported polling station was Salmon Arm, home of the late Rolf Bruhn, once a popular provincial Conservative cabinet minister. A solid sweep of Salmon Arm gave him a final majority of a hundred and seventy-seven votes. "Bruhn's ghost walked that night," says Fulton.

In the 1949 election his margin over

O'Neill increased to 1,283 votes. In 1953 all other candidates lost their deposits. Four candidates ran in last summer's election; 10,029 of the 21,381 votes cast were for Fulton. The Kamloops riding is twice the size of Nova Scotia, stretching from the Alberta border to the Pacific. Its five provincial seats and four of the eight surrounding federal constituencies are held by the Social Credit.

Fulton campaigns the isolated Caribou lake communities north of Kamloops in a green tartan sport shirt, from a rented seaplane. To stimulate votes in the lake

communities, he rides a speedboat around Anderson Lake. For the railway ballots, he hops the caboose of freights running into the Blue River country. At Bralorne he wiggles into a rubber mucker's suit to chat underground with the gold miners. He reports on his Ottawa activities by cutting a record every week for the Kamloops radio station and writes newsletters to the six local weekly papers.

During last fall's royal visit to Ottawa he had Kamloops trout flown to Rideau Hall for the Queen's breakfast. Her well-briefed Majesty thanked him when she

was introduced to members of the cabinet.

Fulton has little time for diplomatic functions. He leaves his comfortable second-story Ottawa flat overlooking The Driveway every morning at 7:50 a.m., drives his 1954 cream Buick to the Justice Building and divides the next eleven to fifteen hours between the affairs of justice, immigration and parliament. He usually comes home for a supper break, enlivened by his reading—in the tones of a major dissertation—The Three Billy Goats Gruff, a fairy tale, to Cynthia Ann, the youngest of his three



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daughters. "Davie is a most satisfactory husband," says Pat, his pretty wife. "Politics is important to him, but we never get the feeling that the rest of us are not."

Davie met his wife at the University of British Columbia. They were married in 1946 and became a political team the same year when he toured Canada with her as national president of the Young Progressive Conservative Association. As head of the association for the next three years he crossed the country fifteen times and became popular among party workers who are now reaching the prime of their political activity. At their urging he became a candidate at the 1956 Conservative leadership convention.

Fulton had initial signs of interest from more than four hundred convention delegates and support was developing fast enough to give him a chance of assembling the six hundred necessary votes for victory. But when Quebec delegates swung decisively behind Donald Fleming, many of Fulton's backers with overpowering anti-Fleming feelings rallied behind Diefenbaker as a surer candidate to defeat Fleming. When the ballots were counted, Fulton with a hundred and seventeen votes had run second to Diefenbaker outside Quebec and second to Fleming in Quebec.

Quebec's support of Fleming, a thirty-third-degree Mason, over Fulton is a paradox of Canadian politics. Fulton studied French at Oxford and spent months improving it when stationed beside a Free French army base in North



AT WORK Fulton confers with the PM, a close friend though once a tough rival.

Africa during the war. He spoke good French when first elected and has since improved it through private tutoring at Ottawa's Institut Jeanne D'Arc. Born a Roman Catholic, Fulton is an active lay member of Ottawa's St. Theresa's parish. Two of his daughters attend a French convent.

These apparent qualifications for French-Canadian popularity, however, are offset by Fulton's immutable attitude toward conscription. He is the only Tory MP who has publicly and repeatedly condemned the Liberals for not instituting compulsory call-ups at the outbreak of the Korean War. He even urged World War II veterans not to volunteer so that the government would be forced to legislate conscription. "It made me mad," he

says. "It's absolutely wrong that people should be called upon to bear unequal burdens." Quebec's attitude is not a handicap likely to become a permanent burden to Fulton's political future. The nationalistic *Le Devoir* recently editorialized: "Fulton speaks excellent French. He is a symbol of the rights of parliament. It is possible that he will one day become Canada's prime minister."

Diefenbaker and Fulton are close friends in spite of their leadership rivalry. During the last two elections Fulton has gone to Prince Albert, Sask., to deliver Diefenbaker's hometown French speeches. He was the only MP who flew to Prince Albert and helped Diefenbaker immediately after the first Mrs. Diefenbaker's death. "I am enormously attract-

ed to John's personality and standards," says Fulton.

When the Progressive Conservatives were forming their cabinet last summer, Diefenbaker asked Fulton to become Speaker in the House of Commons, with the possibility that it might become a permanent office. Fulton refused. The job would have meant political suicide. He was also mentioned for the External Affairs post, but Justice was the portfolio he really wanted. He flew back to Kamloops and waited for five days before the prime minister called to confirm his appointment. Since the PC government took office Fulton has become one of Diefenbaker's chief House lieutenants. "Davie is an outstanding debater," says Diefenbaker. "He has a great knowledge of the rules and functions of parliament."

Fulton rarely speculates about his future. But recently, sitting behind the walnut desk of his squash-court-size justice office, he said, "When you are first elected, you're content to be a back-bencher. But if you do a good job and people become conscious of you doing a good job, you gain recognition and wonder what you'll be next. You move to an opposition front bench and when there's a change of government, you're named a cabinet minister."

Then, gazing through one of his office's seven windows at the Peace Tower, Fulton mused about his destiny: "And if you're a good cabinet minister, you have at the back of your mind that one day the prime ministership will come within your reach." ★



The town where everybody plays continued from page 21

"The people in Flin Flon have come to know that the highly improbable is entirely possible"

Meanwhile, the Ottawa Canadiens had arrived in Winnipeg on a Sunday and were practicing there before traveling to Flin Flon for the opening game on the following Wednesday. Thirty-six hours before game time queues began to form outside the Flin Flon rink for the dollar-fifty standing-room accommodation. Finally game time arrived—but the Canadiens didn't. They didn't reach Flin Flon, in fact, until Thursday. There'd been a confusion about dates and venue, said their coach and manager, Sam Pollock; there'd been talk the series would start in Winnipeg.

That started the series off on a high note of acrimony. The mild-mannered Buddy Simpson said that Pollock ought to be thrown out of hockey for life. The stirred-up fans felt the same way. When the first game finally was played, two days late, the jammed crowd in the little rink hooted and hollered at Pollock as the Bombers won. In the second game the Bombers led 3-to-2 with two minutes to play, but Canadiens piled in two goals in the last ninety seconds to win, 4 to 3. The third game played in Flin Flon was won by Canadiens, so that the teams entrained for Regina to complete the series with the Canadiens leading, two games to one.

The giddy crescendo was reached when the Bombers won two of the next three games, forcing a seventh and deciding game on May 8. In Flin Flon that night a music festival was in progress in the Hapnot school auditorium. Rev. Douglas Rupp, the lean quietly composed pastor of the Northminster United Church and president of the Music Festival Association, interspersed his re-

marks between the music competitions with bulletins from Regina. At ten-thirty the festival's imported adjudicator was delivering his critique when Rev. Rupp came bounding down the aisle. "We won! We won!" he cried, and shouts rent the auditorium while the adjudicator stared in amazement.

Outside, people began honking the horns of their automobiles and the din swelled and echoed across the rocky hills on which the town undulates. Bernice Barrett, a school teacher from Ontario, says she thought it was the end of the world. "I never had much interest in hockey before I came here," she says, "but this time you couldn't escape the charged atmosphere. It swept you up and carried you along. When they won, it set off a chain reaction, like the stroke of twelve on New Year's Eve."

Mixed with the normal exhilaration of the victory itself was irrepressible pride in the fact that eight players were born or raised in Flin Flon and had climbed up through pee wee, bantam, midget and juvenile ranks to the junior Bombers right in the tumbledown rink at the edge of town. That's a unique progression nowadays when professional clubs move accomplished young players to teams they sponsor and on which the players can be developed in the pro team's system and pattern. These days most junior hockey stars maintain contact with their families only with the co-operation of the postman. In Flin Flon the fans had been watching Captain Teddy Hampson, who scored the winning goal in the deciding game, from the day his mother had registered him with Pinkie Davie at the Community Club.

Three other Bombers, Mel Pearson, Carl Forster and George Konik, were the sons of underground miners. Forster's father, in fact, was five thousand feet underground the night his son was playing for the national championship. Ron Hutchison's dad was a boilermaker and Duane Rupp's father a laborer. Most of the people in Flin Flon could remember the winter Ken Willey had first played in the Tom Thumb league, and there weren't many people in town who didn't know that Mel Pearson's mother and Ken Willey's mother were sisters.

Ambassadors in maroon

Most of the other players were the products of a week-long tryout camp held every mid-September in the Flin Flon rink. The club advertises its school in small-town newspapers in Manitoba, and players who make the grade with coach Bobby Kirk, a former New York Rangers forward, are given jobs with HBM&S Co. If their work is satisfactory they qualify for advancement like any other employee. The players practice every morning and work at the plant every afternoon. They play a fifty-five-game schedule, thirty at home, in a league that includes Estevan, Prince Albert, Regina, Melville and Saskatoon.

On road trips the Bombers are ambassadors for Flin Flon; the club supplies each player with maroon flannel jackets and grey flannel trousers for off-the-ice wear and players are instructed never to appear in public without a white shirt and maroon knitted tie. They were wearing these natty clothes at a Memorial Cup victory dinner in Jubilee Hall as

they returned in triumph from Regina when three hundred and eighty Flin Flon citizens paid five dollars a plate to honor them.

This was the climax of something more than a mere sports victory. "When our team won," philosophized Lou Parres, a consulting geologist who has lived in Flin Flon for ten years, "it was a reflection of the determination and the *esprit de corps* of the people who live here. Those are qualities of our isolation. To most people in this country it was highly improbable that Flin Flon would win. The people in this town have come to know that the highly improbable is entirely possible. Look at the town itself."

Flin Flon is an improbable town. Its street lights are never turned off. Many of the houses have no cellars and are built on stilts. Most of the sidewalks are built on sewers, boxed in and insulated with sawdust. Every night the whole foundation of the town shakes slightly as dynamite charges are set off in the mines a mile below the surface through solid rock. In June it's light enough to play golf at midnight north of 54 degrees where Flin Flon sits straddling the Manitoba-Saskatchewan border, and in December it's necessary to turn on the lights of an automobile to navigate the winding climbing streets at four in the afternoon.

The lights are left burning because the city engineers discovered that when they were turned off in winter, the cold weather weakened the filament. Constant turning on and off burned out the lights. Since electricity is extremely cheap in a country of numerous lakes and rivers, it

was found to be less expensive simply to keep the lights burning.

Similarly, it was found cheaper to build a house with no excavation because the surface was solid rock. So most people put their furnace room and basement storeroom on the ground floor and their living quarters on the second floor, although in newer areas of the town some basements have been excavated. The original water and sewer pipes were laid on top of the ground for the same reason—a rock foundation. The pipes were boxed in and insulated, and were used as sidewalks. These gradually are disappearing as trenches are being blasted in the rocks to accommodate the water mains and sewer pipes.

The company, which has a payroll of about twelve million dollars a year, with an average wage of forty-seven hundred, is the life blood of the community but in some respects it is a blight, too. Smelter smoke containing sulphuric-acid fumes pours endlessly from a tall spire of a chimney that dominates the town and is a landmark for airplanes fifty miles around. When the atmospheric pressure is low and the wind is right, the smoke floats across the town and it can burn out lawns and kill plants overnight. Consequently, practically no one has a lawn in Flin Flon.

Resort in the wilderness

On the other hand, the company created out of complete wilderness an unbelievable summer resort and golf course for the residents. The beach forms a horseshoe around one arm of Phantom Lake, a mile southeast of the town. The lake is bordered by a hundred yards of soft fine sand which in turn has a two-hundred-yard border of grass nestled under birch and poplar trees, far enough removed from the company's smoke stack to escape the deadly fumes. The beach was literally created. The company sent a fleet of trucks sixteen miles north of Flin Flon to a sand pit and the trucks transported hundreds of thousands of yards of sand to the edge of the lake in early spring. The sand was dumped across deep stretches of ice and snow. When spring came and the ice melted, the sand settled at ground level, dried out in the sun and formed the beach. Tons of sand are transported every spring to the water's edge and the beach refurbished. The operation must be conducted in spring because in the words of Howard McIntosh, assistant to the general manager, "the trucks would sink out of sight in the bog if we waited for the spring thaw."

The company operates greenhouses near Phantom Lake in which growth is started in March and then transplanted on June 15 to provide gardens of flowers and plants around the beach area. Music from the local radio station floats out of speakers hidden in the trees. There are docks and slides and boathouses and bathhouses and locker rooms and a dance pavilion, all painted sparkling red and white. Shallow areas are roped off for small children, and there are diving boards in the deeper sections. There are softball diamonds and tennis courts, and there's a camping area with an ice-house and stoves and lockers at which a family can throw up a tent and camp for two weeks for fifty cents. All the other facilities at Phantom Lake are free.

The nine-hole golf course is another phenomenon. It was fashioned out of rock and muskeg. The course, a couple of miles from the plant, now has greens of Washington bent grass, and fairways of Kentucky bluegrass. Howard McIn-

tosh, the company spokesman, says that "as long as you use a commercial fertilizer in the proper proportion, you can grow grass on damned near anything," and Flin Flon's golf course is the living proof. It took three years to build, presented drainage problems as the engineers endeavored to follow ravines in the rock outcroppings to clear the muskeg, and turned up thousands of tons of stones and boulders which potential golfers helped clear in work parties armed with rakes and shovels and their bare hands. A pump at nearby Phantom Lake feeds a pipeline that winds across the course to supply water for the fairways and greens. A rambling two-story clubhouse provides locker-room, dining and recreation facilities, and membership dues total \$32.50 for a married couple, \$25.00 for a single man and \$7.50 for juniors. This goes toward upkeep and improvements; the company covers all deficits.

The company provides things like the golf course and the summer resort, Howard McIntosh explained in a recent tour of the area, "to keep the people happy."

"We're pretty remote," he amplified. "There can be monotony. But if the people are happy, the work gets done."

There was nothing but harsh rock and muskeg and hundreds of lakes in the Flin Flon area until thirty years ago when the Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Company was formed to operate a property discovered in January of 1915 by a pioneer prospector named Tom Creighton. Creighton named the town. While he was exploring the area with a group of prospectors he came upon a tattered book called The Sunless City in which the hero, one Flintabatty Flonatin, descended through a bottomless lake to a subterranean world where gold was the common metal. When Creighton made his discovery he reportedly told his friends that he felt like Flintabatty Flonatin. "I'm going to call my find Flin Flon," he announced.

It was a frontier town when the mine began to be developed in December 1927, with tent homes and saloons and gambling rooms and ladies of pleasure, a town whose main street oozed dirty water from its muskeg. Jack Freedman came soon after. A small volatile cigar-chewing man of sixty-eight, Freedman was a newsie on the CNR when the spur line first reached Flin Flon. Now he owns a confectionery store and newsstand with a slanting floor on the main street called the Fall In because, as he explains, "you've got to practically do that to get in the joint." He has a large blackboard outside his premises on which he chalks daily homilies upbraiding the town council or censuring the mayor or applauding the hockey team. "Everybody kowtows to the company, including the council," explains Freedman. "I speak my mind."

To a visitor in Flin Flon, it seems that most people speak their minds. They're obviously aware of their isolation because when they speak of taking a trip they always use the word "out." But, at the same time, they have far more time for such extracurricular activities as curling or golf. Saul Nathanson, the manager of the Rex Theatre, one of the two movie houses in town, has left Flin Flon five times but he's always returned. "I've lived in Saskatoon, Edmonton, Lloydminster, Dawson Creek and Calgary, but I've always come back," he says. "You feel you're part of something here. For example, we all felt we were personally connected with the Bombers as they made their way toward the Memorial Cup. It really wasn't the Bombers; it was us showing the country what we can do." ★



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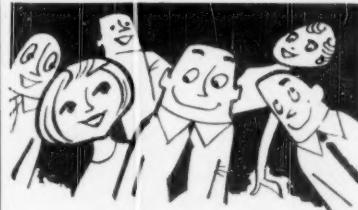
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**Rock 'n' roll
is a family affair**

When Paul Anka isn't recording in New York or on tour, he relaxes by coaching his brother Andy Jr. on drums and beating out rock 'n' roll on a basement piano for his parents, Andy, sister Mariam.



What it takes to crash Tin Pan Alley at fifteen

Continued from page 13

writing are virtually certain to pile up to a hundred thousand dollars when all the reports are in. Diana was released last June, which means he'll have earned that sum in about six months. He has a long-play album due for release early in 1958, which may be called *Paul Sings Anka*. He's had several movie nibbles—he'll make a screen test in February. By mid-June of 1958 he could match Elvis Presley's reported feat of earning a million dollars in his first full year—if Anka's first full year is measured from his first major-label recording. More than a year ago he cut a record in California and it flopped. "They didn't promote it," Anka complains. "I made a dollar eighty-two clear!"

Anka's personal following has been pyramiding as fast as his bankroll. He now has about fifty registered fan clubs, with new ones springing up all the time. When he played in Atlanta, Ga., recently, he was greeted by a large club he hadn't known existed. He gets thousands of letters from girls all over the United States and Canada, many asking for advice—"Should I let a boy kiss me on the first date?" Some of his fans add such subtleties as, "Got a steady? If not, I'm ready." He answers them all with cautious wisdom: "Keep calm and collected and all will go well."

The object of all this adulation is a short chubby youth with shiny jet-black hair and a light olive complexion. I met him for the first time in the Montreal Forum, where twenty-three thousand rock 'n' roll fans assembled one Sunday afternoon for the touring show he is appearing in. His road manager, a pleasant but worried-looking young Ottawa named Bill McCadden, introduced us. There'd been plane trouble and the group had arrived from Toronto (where they'd played to ten thousand in Maple Leaf Gardens) too late for rehearsals, so Don Everly, of the Everly Brothers, accompanied Anka in a run-through of one of his numbers. He was dressed in a scarlet sweater with a black sport shirt beneath, black slacks and white suede slippers. On stage he wore a dark suit with a white shirt whose collar point bulged out informally. "Do I look all right?" he asked anxiously just before going on.

When he's tired, as he was that day after three nights with very little sleep, Anka's face is flaccid and expressionless. But on stage later it lit up like a pyrotechnical display. He's five-foot-three, weighs a hundred and forty-five, and knows it's too much.

He followed three other acts. When emcee Harold Cromer announced, "Ottawa's Paul Anka," screams dinned through the Forum, accompanied by cheers, whistles, hand-claps and stamping. On bounded Anka, radiating personality and clapping with the audience. He sang a tune called *Happy Baby* to good applause, which grew deafening as he turned to his own *Don't Gamble With Love*, in which he dropped his jumpy gestures for an occasional full-arm sweep.

His next number, a tune called *Gumdrop*, brought out his wildest gestures. Dozens of photographers, all teen-agers and mostly female, swarmed around in front of the stage. He had to say, "Thank you," four times to stop the applause. Then he held up his hands, said, with a graceful gesture, "I dedicate this song to you," and lit into "I'm so young and you're so old, Diana."

The rafters rang, and it was sixteen bars before any of the words were audible. He bounced through it twice, in a powerful voice, with the broken syllables (like a cracked phonograph record) that are the trade-mark of his rendition. Then he danced off the stage, waving his left hand like a flipper. After a minute or so of heavy applause, he took one bow and he was through working until the night show.

In the audience were his beaming father, Andy Anka, an Ottawa restaurant owner, his mother, his self-possessed fourteen-year-old sister Mariam, and his lively seven-year-old brother Andy Jr. His home-town cheering section included Diana Ayoub, a handsome Ottawa girl who last spring suggested that Paul write a song about her and to whom he dedicated his first hit. She was eighteen in May, which explains its chivalrous opening lines. He says they're just "good friends;" Diana was his babysitter when he was ten and she thirteen. One hundred and twenty other relatives, friends and fans from Ottawa were there in a bloc, besides many others who had come separately.

When Anka had rested for an hour or so we went to his hotel room. Soon afterward Diana, her girl friend Gayle Jabour (president and vice-president-secretary-treasurer, respectively, of Chapter 26 of the Paul Anka Fan Club of Ottawa) and a bevy of other teen-agers burst into the room. Most of the girls kissed Paul, which caused him no chagrin.

Anka said, "I wanna sleep!" but no one paid any attention. The girls started

talking about their fan clubs. Diana's had two hundred and ninety-three members, but Anka said, "Aw, that's nothing. My sister Mariam has one for the Diamonds that has four hundred and twenty members! Get crackin', kids, I need the support!" At this his mother, an attractive woman with large quizzical eyes, said, "Paul! Keep cool and collected, and they'll class you as a second Perry Como."

He suddenly collapsed and said sadly and wearily, "I'm going home! I want to have fun like I used to!" In the morning he flew to Syracuse with the show.

It wasn't much more than a year since Anka had set out on his first long-distance crack at the show-business jackpot. Just before he turned fifteen he wrote a rock 'n' roll song that he named *Blauwildebestfontein* — the name of a South African city in John Buchan's novel *Prester John*, which had been required reading at school. To sell it he decided to try the Los Angeles music market, which he thought might be easier to crack than New York. At the same time the trip would give him a chance to visit his uncle, Maurice Anka, a tenor who sings in night clubs on the west coast. Paul sang at dances and parties and did a few turns himself at nightclubs in Ottawa and Hull. When he had saved a hundred and fifty dollars he set off alone for California. He had just celebrated his fifteenth birthday.

His uncle had no connections among the recording companies so Anka leafed through the yellow pages, calling each company in turn to ask for a hearing. He was turned down through the Q's and was pretty discouraged when a company called RPM said he could come in and demonstrate his song next day. He did, with voice and piano, and they bought it. Before it was recorded the song needed more lyrics; Paul asked his uncle to write them. "I thought I'd cut him in," he says airily.

Sell it yourself and save

After he'd recorded his song and written his mother a letter describing the *GIRLS* here, with sketches, he ushered for a month in a movie theatre at thirty dollars a week to earn his return fare. That fall he sang *Blauwildebestfontein* on *Cross-Canada Hit Parade*, his second television appearance. His first, on *Pick the Stars*, hadn't done anything for him, and so far *Blauwildebestfontein* hadn't sold enough copies to pay for the recording session, so Anka went back to school. He enrolled in grade ten at Ottawa's Fisher Park High School, but by April he couldn't wait any longer to have a hit recorded — "I knew I had some in me."

He thought of making a demonstration disc, but even with a small orchestra that would have cost six hundred dollars. "So I thought I'd save my dad five hundred dollars," he explains, "and go down and sell the song myself."

He went to New York cold, but ran into the Rover Boys, a Toronto quartet whom he'd met in Ottawa and taken home for coffee and sandwiches some months before. They made an appointment for him at ABC-Paramount, a comparatively new but strong record company. Anka kept the appointment but found the artists' and repertoire department closed. Next day he called for another appointment and met Don Costa, an arranger. Paul sat down at the piano and sang one of his songs, *Tell Me That You Love Me*. Before he'd finished Costa said, "One moment." He called in the heads of the firm, and they listened to

it and the three other songs Anka had with him: *Don't Gamble With Love*, *Bells at My Wedding* and *That'll Be The Day*. Then the company president called Paul's father in Ottawa to fly down and sign a contract. It was as simple as that, Anka says.

"You see, they needed a song for Dick Roman in a hurry, so they took *Bells*. They decided I should record *Gamble* and, at first, *That'll Be The Day*. Then someone remembered that the *Crickets* had just cut a song with the same title, so that was out."

Since they'd decided to save *Tell Me That You Love Me*, another "strong" number, for his second release, they needed one more tune for the reverse side of *Don't Gamble With Love*. Anka hadn't even brought Diana with him, but he had it in his head—though he couldn't remember all the lyrics. So he sang "da da da" in the blank spots; the company okayed it and he sat up till two a.m. completing the song and indicating the arrangement. The next day he was still asleep at two in the afternoon; his recording appointment was at four. His phone rang: "Get over here and start cutting!" He did, with no rehearsal. And that's how a smash hit was born.

Diana was published by Pamco, a subsidiary of ABC-Paramount. Paul's eyes light up when he mentions it. "Pamco! Paul Anka Music Company! It's not, of course, but I intend to form my own publishing house soon, like a lot of artists have done. And I want to start a music store in Ottawa and have my dad manage it."

When he talks about composing Anka loses himself in his own words. "I can feel something making me write! It scares me sometimes, because I have a feeling it's something outside of me coming in and taking over. I have to sit down and write, and everything falls into place. Sometimes I change a note or a syllable later, but not much. Take *I Love You, Baby*. That thing got a grip on me; I sat down and wrote the song in ten minutes—so fast it frightened me!" This tune is recorded on the reverse side of *Tell Me That You Love Me*; *Variety* picked it as a hit at the end of September, and it's been getting the most play in the U.S.; *Tell Me That You Love Me* the most in Canada.

Although Anka would like to pick up the night-club career he started in Gloucester, Mass., when he was ten (patrons tossed him coins totaling thirty-five dollars), his company won't let him. He agrees with them, though, on a second point: they want to ease him out of rock 'n' roll. He's had two ballads recorded already—I Lost My Love, "written for eighteen violins," and sung by seventeen-year-old Johnny Nash. A second, this one sung by himself, was released in December. It's called You Are My Destiny—with an "up-tempo" (polite for rock 'n' roll) number on the reverse side, though, "just to play safe." He sang I Lost My Love for me, in a sweet voice, quite different from his rock 'n' roll delivery.

Anka, by the way, likes Elvis Presley and buys his records, "but he doesn't throw me. He's smart, though. I'd like to congratulate him!" He also likes Pat Boone, but his three favorites are Frank Sinatra "to listen to," Sammy Davis Jr. "to watch," and Judy Garland—"both."

Anka has been a popular-music fan as long as he can remember, and his father and mother, who are both of Syrian origin, can remember his first "professional" performances. Some workmen were laying a sewer in front of the Anka house. Six-year-old Paul filled a bucket with water, floated a saucer on

the surface and talked the men into tossing pennies. For every coin that stayed in the saucer he'd sing a song. Sometimes he'd make thirty cents a concert, including the mis-aimed pennies he didn't have to sing for. Even before that a neighbor, Harry Bradley, used to pay him fifty cents to entertain him and his family for the evening.

Three summers ago Paul was a soda jerk for a while in an Ottawa restaurant owned by a family friend, Phil Massad. Anka's mother had called Phil and said, "Please give Paul a job. I want a rest at home!" Massad says, "I could hardly get him to do anything except entertain the customers. Since we had no cover charge that wasn't economic, so I had to let him go. He never resented it, though—still writes and asks after my kids." Later that same summer Anka and two school friends, Jerry and Ray Carrier, all barely into their teens, sang in a midway show at the Central Canada Exhibition in Ottawa. They called themselves the Bobby-soxers, and rehearsed at Anka's home. His mother says, "I got so sick of it I'd push them into the basement with their monotonous guitars and Mambo Rock! They drove me crazy!"

The night finally came when Anka won an amateur contest at the Fairmount Club. It was a big boost for the fired-up youngster; it meant a week's engagement at seventy-five dollars, and a chance to work with professionals. But even before this, he told me, he'd climb a ladder, get in a back window, sit in the balcony and watch the show at various clubs; he rarely got caught.

Alex Sherman, who owns six record bars in Ottawa, manages one in Montreal and promotes touring music shows, says that for several years Anka went in to see him about twice a week. "You be my manager!" the boy would say. "You'll make money on me!" Sherman groans, "I always threw him out, but now I'd love to have two percent of him!"

His essays in self-promotion seem to have kept Anka too busy to pick up much formal education in music. He once enrolled with an Ottawa piano teacher, Mrs. Winnifred Rees, who says she has rarely known a youngster to listen so carefully to overtones. She found him an "embryonic musician and full of personality," but after six lessons she suggested he drop them, and take up piano again when he could find more time to practice. Anka hasn't forgotten her help: not long ago he gave her a special membership in his fan club, which entitles her to attend meetings of my chapter.

Dr. Frederick Karam, conductor of the choir at St. Elijah Syrian Orthodox Church (where Paul sang as a child), and one of Ottawa's foremost musicians, gave him nine lessons in musical theory and one—at Dr. Karam's suggestion, not Paul's—in voice. He recalls the boy's "terrific determination to learn things—and he learned quickly. His hits are quite well constructed, and have excellent form for popular songs. His voice is still taking shape. It will deepen and fill out still more. People can learn from Paul. Most of them don't work hard enough at what they want to do most."

A picture of Anka as an antic adolescent, but one who was ready to work when he was interested, comes together from the remarks of his high-school teachers. One, a young woman, says, "He was always a show-off." A second young woman teacher says, "He was never a show-off," and explains that although he liked the limelight he never hogged it.

An office worker at the high school, who was a student last year, remembers

Anka coming to see her. "Gonna hear me sing at the prep dance tonight?" he asked. She told him she was.

"Scream, eh?" Anka directed.

An elderly friend, Mrs. Georgia Faulkner, recalls that Paul loved to have her read the Gospels to him, especially John and Luke, and would say after listening awhile, "See if I have that by heart." He usually did.

The girl his first hit was named after, Diana Ayoub, recalls Anka saying, "When I make lots of money I'm going to hire mother a maid." He did. Then

he fired her because she told him to get off the telephone.

"He doesn't like to be told what to do by anyone," Diana and her girl friend, Gayle Jabour, agree. "But we told him never to get high-hat, and he hasn't. If he did we'd cut him down to size!"

Gayle often helped Anka with his bookkeeping homework, and says he'd even make up songs about that. Or he'd order, "Think of a title." She'd say, "Starlight," and he'd compose a song on that in two minutes.

I last talked with Paul Anka the night

before he left for Tulsa, Okla., after a five-day layoff from the rock 'n' roll tour. We met at a quarter to one in the morning at his father's Ottawa restaurant. Anka told me that one of his ambitions was to have his own television show—The Paul Anka Show. Then he called to a stunning waitress, "Hi, Gorgeous, are you with it?"

"Paul," someone asked, "do strange girls bother you much, making a play for you?"

"Sure, but whattaya mean, bother? I like girls!"

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He doesn't date on tour, though—he's too tired, flying from city to city every day.

Why did he go to the U.S. for his success bid—no encouragement in Canada? "Well," he said, "I tried my songs on Canadian publishers with no results. The CBC did nothing to hold me back; but I could see no future here except very slowly. I figured I'd make it faster in the States."

He thinks his young brother, Andy, shows promise of emulating his success. "Already he has a lot of personality and a good voice. A lot of people get away with no voice—look at me!" Then he turned nostalgic. "I'd like to go back to Fisher and have a normal life again!"

It was hard to get him to talk of anyone else, but finally he said, "I'd like to

build my parents a fine home, and send them away on a nice little trip. They need a good rest. And my grandmother, she's eighty-two and has shaking hands—what do you call it?—I want to send a doctor from the States here to see if anything can be done for her. I'm going to do that."

He also wants, not six Cadillacs like Elvis Presley, but a black Thunderbird, "just because it's a nice little car." His father says he won't get it until he returns to school, and it's his father who controls the finances. If he does go back to school it will be in New York, though, so he can be near the Brill Building, Broadway (address of Tin Pan Alley). It will also be in a residential school, so he won't have to live in a hotel and possibly "fall among bad com-

panions." Anka says he "definitely" wants to go back to school. "I hope next time we meet I'll be able to talk to you better than now—use some big words maybe."

"You used Blauwildebestfontein last year!"

He grinned. "You know what I mean. I don't want to go to university—don't see that it would help me in a musical career—but some place like the Juilliard Institute where I'd learn all about what I really want to do for the rest of my life."

"Do you want to be a millionaire?"

"I never thought of that!" he said with obvious sincerity, and stopped munching potato chips for a minute. "Well, I'll take it if it comes, but I think it would be very uncomfortable. People on the

street who used to nod to me look scared now. Today I went back to school and cleared out my locker—running shoes and stuff, there since April. I ran into a girl I used to know pretty well. She just stared at me, and then she burst out crying! It kind of threw me. I don't think I act any different to people. I hope not!"

Because of his high income tax, his expenses, agent and lawyer fees that must be paid out, Anka probably nets thirty percent of his earnings. It goes into a trust fund, short fifty dollars a week allowance for himself.

Unlike a once-popular singer who told me that at the peak of his earning power he owned only thirty percent of himself, Paul Anka proudly proclaims that Anka owns ninety percent of Anka. ★

"The toughest flying country in the world" continued from page 15

"I've been bounced all over the sky . . . You can rise or drop a thousand feet in just seconds"

"But," he hastens to qualify his statement, "I'm not saying that flying in British Columbia is dangerous. It is only dangerous for the inexperienced or the foolhardy. For the capable pilot it presents problems, but they are problems that he can cope with and overcome."

Most pilots would agree with Sheahan that flying conditions in the area are not dangerous in an absolute sense, but simply pose difficulties that modern aircraft and skilled crews can take in their stride.

"I've flown at least four thousand trips over the mountains and I can't recall one that wasn't routine," says Captain Art Rankin, superintendent of TCA's western region flight operations.

During the last five years, TCA aircraft have made twenty thousand four hundred and sixty flights across the mountains between Vancouver and Alberta with the loss of only one plane.

Russ Baker, president of Pacific Western Airlines, and himself known as one of the province's finest fliers, says, "Certainly there's more chance of a private pilot getting into trouble over the mountains than, say, over the prairies. But now aircraft have the problem licked."

The sudden destruction of a giant airliner under any circumstances evokes its own element of horror; when, as has happened twice in the Cascade and Coast mountains, a plane vanishes within a few miles of a great city and the search for it continues day after day in vain, then the horror assumes an extra dimension. This was the case in December 1942 when a Canadian Pacific twin-engined Lodestar, carrying thirteen passengers and crew, vanished eleven minutes out of Vancouver, and again in December 1956 when a crippled Trans-Canada Air Lines' four-motored North Star, with sixty-two persons aboard, disappeared over this mountain wilderness while trying to fight its way back to Vancouver.

At the time the North Star's death toll was the highest ever claimed by a civil air disaster in Canada though it has since been eclipsed by the crash, last August, of a Maritimes Central Airways DC-4 near Issoudun, Que., in which seventy-nine people perished.

Not for eight months would the mountains reveal the fate of the Lodestar, nor for five months that of the North Star.

It is this terrible capacity of the mountains to hide their victims, and not alone the number of planes and lives they have claimed, that has fed the notoriety of this region.

Even after the planes are found the mountains often refuse to yield their dead. Three peaks, where a total of eighty-six people died in the wreckage of three aircraft—the Lodestar, the North Star, and an RCAF Liberator bomber—were assessed by skilled mountaineers as too dangerous for an attempted recovery of the bodies. The B.C. government sealed off the three summits and they became wild cemeteries, marked in each case by a single cairn erected by a burial party.

In a period of four months during 1957 three private aircraft were lost in the area and nine people were killed. Late in April, even while the mystery of the missing North Star remained unsolved, an attempt by Walter Dalton, a Vancouver real-estate executive, to fly his plane from Penticton to Vancouver by night ended disastrously on a mountain snowfield. Dalton and his two companions were killed.

Three crashes within 15 miles

Then at the beginning of July the mountains spun another of their mysteries when they swallowed up two young men, John Maser and Steve Antifaev, and their small plane somewhere between Langley, near Vancouver, and Penticton.

Finally, in August, a holidaying family of four—George Hyt, a Lethbridge furniture dealer, his wife Hazel, and their two sons, seven-year-old Steven and four-year-old Michael—perished when their light aircraft smashed into a ridge of Greyback Mountain near Penticton. The plane exploded, setting the forest afire and attracting the attention of a ranger in a nearby look-out tower who then directed a ground party into the scene of the crash.

A small town standing at the head of the Fraser Valley sixty-seven air miles northeast of Vancouver and ironically named Hope marks the western entrance to the area's most formidable reaches. The region's three major crashes—those of the Lodestar, the North Star, and the Liberator—all took place within fifteen miles of one another in the mountains south of Hope. It is between Hope and the mining town of Princeton, thirty-seven miles to the east, where the mountains have plucked most of their smaller victims from the sky as they thread their way through the passes along the Hope-Princeton highway.

Completely surrounding Hope and Princeton is a chaotic sea of mountains, its vastness ready to engulf a downed aircraft. The giant spines of chain after chain of peaks, their monstrous shapes often cloaked by swirling cloud, erect an imposing barrier between the two towns. To penetrate it, the railway is forced to make a great bend to the north while the highway straggles as far again to the south. Near Hope the Coast mountains rise and, except where they are cleaved apart by the wide Fraser Valley, they form another solid barrier sweeping down to the sea.

Passing over this region is the Green One airway, the nation's main transcontinental aerial highway. Operated by the Department of Transport, it is a ten-mile-wide flight path, studded with radio ranges and other navigational aids, and traveled by commercial and air-force planes whose pilots fly on instruments and at high altitudes. Light aircraft, flying visually and therefore much closer to the ground, do not follow the airway but navigate the tricky mountain passes, often taking the same winding route as the highway.

The mountains do not play a passive role but actually help to create the weather conditions that plague pilots. Those flanking the Fraser Valley form a giant funnel and through this masses of warm moist air sweep in from the Pacific and rush toward the head of the valley at Hope. When high winds strike the mountain barrier the air is lifted rapidly and layers of cloud, towering as high as twenty thousand feet, are banked up over the Coast and Cascade ranges. This sudden rise whips the air into a turmoil, creating a wild atmospheric condition called turbulence. Powerful up- and downdrafts shoot through the sky, lifting or dropping any plane they encounter.

"I've been bounced all over the sky by turbulence so severe it has tipped the aircraft right up on its wing," remarks Flying Officer Phil Kennedy, a veteran of many search operations over the Cascades. "You can rise a thousand feet or drop a thousand feet in seconds." During the hunt for the TCA North Star even experienced air crew were nauseated as these great gusts seized huge Cansos and Lancasters and flung them about.

Skimming through the valleys, light planes are sometimes dashed into the mountains by eddies caused as the wind

boils over the lee side of a peak. Even bigger aircraft must beware of these downdrafts when, during a search, they attempt to fly in close to a mountain side.

Turbulence creates still another menace—icing. Droplets of water suspended in the fast-rising air are quickly cooled to below freezing yet do not turn into ice until a plane strikes them. Then they crystallize and begin to cake on the wing. To prevent this happening, modern airliners are equipped with de-icers—heated wings that melt the ice, or pulsating rubber wing edges that crack it as it forms.

Four-motored airliners that fly Green One over the Cascades fear neither the turbulence nor the ice. Flying on instruments and constantly briefed on the weather by other aircraft that have recently passed over the area, the pilot can usually pick a favorable path through the clouds. Even if one of these big machines does encounter violent weather it is superbly equipped to cope with it.

TCA sends fourteen flights a day over the Cascades and over the Rockies beyond, almost always without incident. No longer are its pilots paid a mountain differential as they were in the days of twin-engined planes. "We don't consider this route dangerous," says Norman Donnelly, the company's western region operations manager. "Our record proves it isn't. It simply presents problems which, by planning, we overcome."

The leaden hand of death

The story is different when an airliner becomes crippled—when, for instance, it loses a motor as did TCA's ill-fated North Star. Then the weather may lay its leaden hand on the aircraft and drag it down to its death in the mountains.

High winds, extreme turbulence, and ice—all were to be encountered over the Cascades the night of December 9, 1956, when the North Star, Flight 810 from Vancouver to Toronto, was lost. As the plane taxied along the runway at Vancouver Airport just before taking off, the pilot of an inbound TCA flight reported, "There is quite a lot of build-up (towering clouds) in the Cascades. Quite a bit of ice in it at fifteen to sixteen thousand feet. Should be a lot higher than this if . . . going eastbound."

The thirty-five-year-old commander of the North Star, Captain Allan Clarke, a

wartime bomber pilot and a veteran airlines flier, took his ship up to nineteen thousand to get above the weather. Even there he ran into severe turbulence and, to escape it, had to climb another two thousand feet.

Exactly forty-two minutes after leaving Vancouver and while nearing Princeton, the airliner encountered trouble. "Looks like we have a fire," Clarke radioed. He shut down No. 2 engine, where fire had been indicated by a safety device on the instrument panel, feathered the propeller, and turned on the fire extinguisher. Then he swung the airliner back toward Vancouver.

Five minutes later he reported to the Department of Transport's Area Traffic Control, in Vancouver, "We're endeavoring to maintain nineteen thousand feet. We would like clearance immediately to get down if we can. We're losing altitude quite fast here." ATC cleared him down to fourteen thousand feet, instructing him to return along the Green One airway.

A head wind that reached a velocity of ninety-five miles per hour slashed the North Star's ground speed perhaps to about one hundred miles per hour. Yet Clarke still felt he would make it home. ATC asked him, "You'll be able to hold fourteen thousand okay, will you?" Clarke replied, "I think so."

Eighteen minutes after he had turned back and precisely an hour after he had taken off from Vancouver, Clarke began his last exchange with ATC: "810 by Hope at 7.10. Request descent down to ten thousand feet." ATC cleared him down to eight thousand.

Ten thousand feet is the absolute minimum altitude at which TCA allows its planes to fly along the Green One airway from Hope to Maple Ridge, twenty-three miles from Vancouver, while the government minimum is eight thousand. In spite of the ATC clearance to a lower altitude, Clarke would still be expected to comply with the TCA standard of ten thousand feet.

Throughout its flight the North Star was under constant surveillance by a United States Air Force radar team. The radar plot indicates the airliner was not on Green One when this last exchange took place, but was flying to the south where even higher altitudes are enforced.

For one more minute after Clarke's last conversation with ATC, the North Star was tracked on the radar screen. Then it disappeared in the vicinity of Silvertip mountain, an 8,530-foot peak about twenty miles southeast of Hope.

For eighteen days a fleet of thirty planes and ground parties of police and woodsmen took part in the most intensive air-and-land search ever carried out in Canada. But the weather that had helped to trap the North Star conspired to hamper every effort to find it.

A fog that enshrouded the upper reaches of Mount Slesse one Sunday last May led, inadvertently, to the discovery of the North Star by two alpinists, Elfrida Pigou and Geoff Walker, of Vancouver. Their goal was the summit of Slesse but on entering the clouds they became confused, took a wrong turn and eventually ascended a pinnacle that rises seven thousand seven hundred feet, slightly lower than the main peak. It was there they found fragments of the lost plane.

One section of the plane had plunged two thousand feet down a precipice where it buried itself in a snowfield too treacherous for climbers to penetrate. The largest piece of wreckage dangled out of reach down a sheer cliff, suspended by cables that had caught on a ledge.

The British Columbia government

placed the mountain under a forest reserve to bar the public, a ban that is still enforced by a constant RCMP guard.

Eight months after the crash a funeral party was landed by helicopter on a small shelf on the mountainside, three thousand feet below the scene of the crash. Protestant and Catholic services were read and a wooden cross erected.

Less than fifteen miles to the northwest of Mount Slesse rises Knight Peak where thirteen men and women lost their lives on December 20, 1942, in the crash of a Canadian Pacific Airlines' Lode-star, bound for Vancouver from Prince George. Eight months after the plane had vanished the wreckage was sighted by the pilot of another CPA airliner, Captain Don Patry. While three men conducted a funeral service on the mountain top, a CPA plane circled overhead, cutting its motor as it glided in close to the peak. Then, through a hole in the floor of the aircraft, Patry scattered armfuls of flowers.

Inexperience that has led to chance-taking has been the region's most helpful ally in its war against the pilots of

Guide to pocket books

Here's what informed, astute book-lovers can tell by glancing at the cover. It shows a damsel lightly clad:

It's obviously history.
This next—a damsel lightly clad:
It's foreign spies or mystery.
And now—a damsel lightly clad:
A yarn of death and glory.
Now this—a damsel lightly clad:
A raw-boned western story.
Or this—a damsel lightly clad:
A tale of racial friction.
And now—no dame at all? Too bad!
It might be science-fiction.

P. J. BLACKWELL

light aircraft who fly visually through the mountains, following the twists and turns of the valleys. Time and again young fliers have been lured to their death by deceptive weather conditions.

The danger arises when clouds pack in against the mountains, with wisps trailing like ghostly fingers into the valleys. An experienced pilot will take one look and then scuttle for home because he knows a downdraft could lower the ceiling by as much as a hundred feet within seconds, trapping him suddenly in a cloud-filled pass. But a green pilot may be tempted to try to beat the weather by flying beneath this jagged ceiling, only to be caught when the clouds shut down on him. If the ceiling is broken he may shoot through a hole to get on top of the weather. Later he may find no hole for his descent and then he must plunge blindly down through the clouds and possibly into a mountain peak.

Typical is the case of Bill Lee, who, with his brother Glen, left Vancouver one day in May 1947 to fly to Estevan, Sask. Bill was a newly licensed pilot. A newspaper report records the end of the story: "Gathering clouds and a dead-end mountain pass joined forces to kill the two flying brothers."

Twenty-three-year-old Tommy Chung, an amateur pilot from Trail, B.C., took on, unwittingly, all of the terrors of the area—snow, ice and turbulence—in April 1950, though he had only two months' flying experience. With a passenger, he attempted to fly from Trail to Vancouver

via the Hope-Princeton route. Nothing has been seen or heard of them since.

Only a handful of pilots have been lucky enough to survive after crashing in the region. Of these the most publicized was a young Vancouver draftsman, Bill Grant, who was also an experienced and skilled flier. Grant and a friend, Sheila Cure, a student nurse, were lost in the mountains for five days in May 1949.

Returning from a trip to Cardston, Alta., Grant was navigating the passes along the Hope-Princeton highway in his single-engined plane when suddenly he was confronted by "a black wall of snow." To escape from it, he soared to ten thousand feet only to run into ice. Soon the aircraft began to shake and rattle. In desperation, Grant came down again and headed south through the Cascade toward the U.S.

With his fuel supply about to run out, he now had no alternative but to attempt a crash landing on a mountain slope, depending upon the trees to help cushion his fall. "I spilled her in as gently as I could," he recalled later. So skilfully did he settle the plane down into the tree tops that neither he nor his passenger was hurt.

Five days later an RCAF search plane spotted Grant and Miss Cure still at the scene of the crash, on Mount Hozameen, fifty miles southeast of Hope and just within the border of Washington State. A ground party and a para-rescue team hacked their way through the bush, fell trees to bridge mountain streams, and eventually brought them out.

Two Roman Catholic priests from Detroit lived through the crash of their plane in July 1952, after a downdraft had seized it and flung it against a mountain near Penticton. The pilot, Father Lambert Lavoie, was severely injured. It took his friend, Father Vincent Myrich, three days to beat his way through the wilderness and find help.

Searching for planes lost among these treacherous ranges, or anywhere in the B.C. mountains, is a difficult, often dangerous assignment, demanding great skill from the pilots and their crews. This was hammered home to the province's private fliers last summer, during the convention of the B.C. Aviation Council, by Flight Lieutenant Danny Porayko, deputy commander of the RCAF's 121 Communications and Rescue Flight, at Vancouver.

"Service pilots don't hesitate to turn back, even when only ten minutes from their destination if they encounter marginal weather," Porayko told them. "It's when you don't that we have to go out in dirty weather and risk our necks to look for you. Remember, you are flying over country that's the toughest in the world to search from the air. All that we ask is that you give us half a break. Paint your aircraft so it can be seen from the air, and if you do crash, stay with your plane."

While over flat terrain an aircraft may make one clean sweep of the territory to be covered, in the mountains a far more painstaking search must be made. A whole hour may be spent probing a single mountain, the plane circling around it several times to comb its various levels. To stand a chance of spotting a wreck, which may be hidden in a gully or screened by timber, the pilot has to edge his aircraft in close to the mountain, often skimming the tree tops and ridges by no more than a hundred feet. Even then the aircraft may fly directly over a crashed plane without the crew sighting it. This happened during the North Star search after a private pilot, Butch Merrick, had reported seeing wreckage on Mount



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Slesse last Christmas Eve. On Christmas Day an RCAF helicopter, with Merrick aboard, and a TCA Viscount airliner circled Slesse, but they found nothing.

Not only the pilot but every member of his crew has to be skilled and constantly on the alert when looking for a plane lost in the mountains. "A navigator's map reading has to be dead perfect," says Flight Lieutenant Wally Luchka, who was navigation leader of the North Star hunt. "If he calls one wrong turn up a dead-end valley, you're finished."

Treacherous weather may strike at any time to hamper or even stop the search. During the North Star operation RCAF planes logged six hundred hours in ranging over more than five thousand square miles, but bad weather cut their effective search time to three hundred and eighty-six hours.

Driven by anxiety, relatives have continued to hunt for men lost in the mountains even after the RCAF has called off its official search. The most intensive of

these private attempts to find a missing plane was organized by John Antifaev, a garage owner in the small B.C. town of Grand Forks.

Since last July, Antifaev has sought his twenty-four-year-old son, Steve, and Steve's friend, John Matser, a twenty-one-year-old railway policeman, who vanished in the Hope-Princeton area. The pair was lost July 1 while attempting to fly young Antifaev's single-engined Taylorcraft from Langley, near Vancouver, to Penticton.

The day the two men disappeared John Antifaev closed his garage and began to take part in the search. His hopes were raised momentarily on the third day when the wreck of a light plane was sighted on Mount Hozameen, but they were dashed when a ground party, lowered from an RCAF helicopter, identified it as the aircraft Bill Grant had crash-landed there in 1949.

After ten days the RCAF withdrew its planes, yet Antifaev refused to quit and even now has not given up hope of find-

ing his son's craft. He has spent four thousand dollars to charter aircraft. One of these he sent to check the story of a Hindu mystic who said he'd seen the wreckage of the lost plane "eight miles south of Princeton on the east side of the highest knoll." It was a fruitless mission.

The first month Antifaev traveled eight thousand miles, by plane and on foot, in search of his son. During a press interview, at which he and Matser's parents announced the posting of a thousand-dollar reward for information leading to the discovery of the plane, Antifaev was so tired he kept falling asleep. Every week end but two since early in July ground parties of volunteers, drawn mainly from the Doukhobor community in Grand Forks, to which Antifaev belongs, have scoured the mountains near the U.S. border where the small plane was last seen.

The area holds the key to an even more baffling mystery—the loss fourteen years ago, in January 1944, of an RCAF twin-engined bomber as it was about to

begin its let-down for a landing in Vancouver.

Piloted by an overseas veteran, Flight Lieutenant Harry Donkersley, DFC, of Powell River, B.C., and with a crew of three aboard, the bomber was flying from Lethbridge to Victoria.

Donkersley radioed his last report as he passed over a navigational aid known as the Maple Ridge fan marker in the Fraser Valley, twenty-three miles east of Vancouver. It marks the entrance to the Vancouver air circuit. Once an aircraft reaches Maple Ridge it begins to make its let-down and is allowed to descend to as low as five thousand feet. For here the mountains are lower and are swept back as the delta of the Fraser River widens out to the sea.

The bomber was home-free—and yet it never reached Vancouver. Instead it must have veered north off the airway and into the mountains flanking the river valley.

What happened to it remains a mystery to this day. ★



For the sake of argument continued from page 6

"For a woman, even a good start in politics can lead to oblivion"

Her masculine colleagues with whom she should work smoothly and surely have unconsciously established a mental block which makes co-operation extremely difficult. The public has received an entirely false impression of this woman and tends to discredit her real ability.

Or she can go it alone by establishing a reputation for eccentricity in conduct, dress and public statements. She must always make a dramatic entrance and exit. Where the other guests wear evening clothes she may arrive in a tweed suit worn with high-heeled gold slippers. Her hats are always good for a story as is the fact that she has forty pairs of shoes. She may be tempted to go to any lengths to prove her individual thinking. If it's a popular cause, she may claim "just a waste of taxpayers' money." Not too subtly she exposes or at least harps on the weaknesses of her male colleagues. Often such a woman has a brilliant mind and is a good administrator. But you can't see the forest for the trees. Her newspaper lineage, her radio coverage is tremendous since her stage-managed self-exploitation always makes a good story. But in the upper echelons it also leaves behind a sense of uneasiness: "What will she do next?" or, "Can we trust her to carry through the party program?" Having discouraged personal support from either men or women her political life is short and hectic.

Or she can be completely subservient to the men, speaking out only where the issue concerns the welfare of women and children, a field which male politicians are happy to relinquish. When it comes to the larger and more important decisions her role is to look admiring, and at suitable intervals to murmur modestly, "But of course that's not my field; you would know better than I." It is this type of politician who invariably refers to the head man as "boss." "The boss says this, the boss says that" is the theme song, and this woman stays steadily in public life. There may come a day when the stance becomes too monotonous and she kicks over the traces. When this happens the little woman has written her own ticket for home.

What is the present record of Canadian women in politics? It's at an all-time

low. When during World War I the vote was extended to women, a conscientious, responsible group said, "Now we can remake Canada. After all, government is only good housekeeping carried to a higher level."

In this first burst of enthusiasm women candidates, particularly in western Canada, were put forward by every women's organization. They were on the track of the Holy Grail. But as one election followed another the number of women candidates diminished. It was discovered by trial and error that those women who went into politics with what looked like bright careers ahead of them generally returned to comparative obscurity in a fairly short time.

Here is the present standing of Canadian women in Canada's main political assemblies:

	Total Number	Men	Women	Percentage of Women
The Senate Chamber	102	97	5	4.90%
House of Commons	265	263	2	0.75%
Provincial Legislative Assemblies				
British Columbia	52	50	2	3.85%
Alberta	61	59	2	3.28%
Saskatchewan	53	51	2	3.77%
Manitoba	57	57	0	0.00%
Ontario	98	98	0	0.00%
Quebec	93	92	1	1.08%
New Brunswick	52	52	0	0.00%
Nova Scotia	43	43	0	0.00%
Prince Edward Island	30	30	0	0.00%
Newfoundland	36	36	0	0.00%
Municipal Mayors and Reeves	3,030	3,018	12	0.04%

Of course statistics like these defy exact interpretation. Women don't run for office nearly so often as men. But if the law of supply and demand works in politics, more than ninety-five percent of all our voters are either opposed, or if not actually opposed, at any rate not interested enough to draft women candidates and help them get elected.

Agnes MacPhail, Canada's first woman MP, who represented her farm constituency for nineteen years, had in the beginning a really tough time. In the House of Commons her life was no bed of roses. Being an Independent member whose vote was essential to neither party she was usually ignored in the House. When she rose to speak members on both sides ostentatiously rose and left. In spite of

this handicap she instituted tours of school children from her riding to Ottawa so that these youngsters could see how Canada was governed. Her sessional allowance was largely spent for the welfare of her constituents. Because the women of her constituency failed to support her she was finally defeated.

On the municipal level Canadian women have fared little better than in federal and provincial politics. Canada has 3,030 municipalities, each with a mayor or reeve. At this time there are only twelve women who can be addressed as "Your Worship, the Mayor," and by and large our women mayors have to work far harder than men mayors just to stay in office. It is not sufficient that the feminine chief executive should be fully conversant with the finances of the municipality, traffic conditions, the police commission and the expenditures of the school board. She must also be present, and usually speak to, the women's service clubs whenever there is a big event. If she dresses too well she's accused of extravagance; if she's dowdy the invariable comment is, "With the salary she gets, wouldn't you think she'd wear a decent outfit to this important affair?"

For a woman, a fast start and a dynamic record in politics is no guarantee against a sudden, almost inexplicable slowing down. After years of public service Charlotte Whitton, CBE, MA, DCL, LL.D., in 1950 became a controller on the Ottawa City Council. Elected Mayor in 1951 she was twice re-elected. This record was established by sheer perseverance and Ottawa had an excellent mayor. Before the last federal election Charlotte was urged, so it is said, by her masculine fellow party members to forsake the municipal for the federal field. Subsequently she sought the nomination for the Carleton riding. However, when nomination day rolled around this dynamic woman lost out, it's claimed, because her masculine supporters forsook her and fled.

Many other women have shown great promise but have failed to attain the political success that might have been expected. You seldom hear today of Doris Nielsen, MP for North Battleford, Sask., from 1940 to 1945; she was one of the

most articulate members of the House of Commons. Mrs. Cora Casselman was a protégée of that old master of Canadian politics, Mackenzie King. She won the seat for Edmonton East in a by-election in 1941 and gave a good account of herself at Ottawa, but she wasn't re-elected. Ann Shipley, one of the most brilliant women I ever encountered, was for years reeve of Teck township, Ont., before she was elected to parliament. At Ottawa the contributions she made to the revision of the Criminal Code were notable. But, after one term, she was defeated.

Mayor Eunice Wishart of Port Arthur, whom I visited recently, seems to feel that women are best when they remain at the municipal level of politics. She is quite content to head up her own bailiwick efficiently. But even in municipal politics women appear to be under a disadvantage. How many remember Mrs. Adelaide Plumptre, who was elected to Toronto City Council in 1936, was an able member for four years and then went down in defeat?

In spite of the pitfalls and disappointments of politics for women the field may not be hopeless. If I were advising a woman who's really determined to crash it I'd say: start at the school level and work up. Your home-and-school association will give you the bedrock of procedure. Here you will meet with mighty little masculine competition since, in spite of the Herculean efforts of school staff and members of the association to interest fathers, the organization is still largely feminine. From the presidency of the home and school to the board of education is a comparatively easy step. But from here on the road is rocky and the going rough.

And this would still be true even if it weren't for the physical limitations of women, the bearing and rearing of children, the maintenance of home life, the complete and essential co-operation between husband and wife. Inevitably this purely personal matter must be thoroughly discussed and settled within the family circle before any woman enters political life.

But within the family itself the decision of mother to enter politics shouldn't cause any great alarm. If her career follows the established pattern it won't be long until mother is back again, with a wealth of experience, a fund of fascinating stories and a broader outlook on life. She may be harder to live with but she'll be more interesting, and probably a good deal wiser. ★



My recipe for eating out and staying alive

Continued from page 16

toothpicks on the table. A lunchroom is a counter with stools, carved out of the ladies' wear shop next door. A French buffet is an American invention, at which you try to pile three bucks worth of food on a plate that holds less than a dollar's worth. A *smorgasbord* is a Scandinavian caper to get rid of leftovers when they have no icebox. A lunch wagon is a superannuated street car, in which the fry cook hypnotizes you with his skillet gymnastics so that you fail to notice that the chips have been pre-fried and the round steak pounded with a pile driver.

European cuisine means that everybody in the kitchen is an immigrant, and they put garlic in the hamburgers and beets in the soup. A delicatessen lunch is a sandwich bar with dill pickles. A drug-store eatery is dedicated to eating on the fly, but gives the customer a fighting chance for survival by seating him five feet from the bicarbonate of soda. A health bar is a joint where neurotics pretend that carrot juice will replace the martini, and, ambiguously, where they serve nuts with their salads. An espresso bar is where a machine as complicated as Univac grinds, burps and bubbles away, and brings forth a lousy cup of coffee. A tea room is a resting place for varicose virgins where the creamed potatoes are stamped into forget-me-nots.

Every summer my wife and children buzz off to a vacation spot about a thousand miles from where we live. As the end of June comes around I begin planning my eating routine for July and August. One summer I fell for the "big thick steak" propaganda, and though it was nearly ten years ago I am still picking pieces of sirloin from what is left of my lower bicuspids. Not that you asked me, but steaks are the most overrated food in the world, with the possible exception of fried trout.

For the next few summers I tried various dining dodges: eating the things my wife won't cook, such as tinned haggis, turnip greens and hominy grits, packaged pizzas, and bean sprouts and bacon; eating exclusively out of cans; a reducing diet; pressure cookery; quick-frozen foods; and last year a spartan regime based on homogenized milk and TV dinners. They all had their drawbacks, but, like hangovers, they could be chalked up to fun, games and experience.

The exotic cookery, whether it talked back with a Scots burr, Southern Senator or Milanese accent, was a complete failure, and we've still got bottles of queer spices and herbs in the cupboard that a witch doctor would hesitate to mix in a love potion. The reducing diet worked



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fine, but I ended up with something I self-diagnosed as incipient pellagra. Eating everything out of cans was a touch of genius that left me with only one dirty saucepan, but the heaviest garbage cans outside an atomic plant. Pressure cooking is fine, within reason, but have you ever eaten boiled pork chops or pressure-cooked liver and onions? The quick-frozen-food summer will remain in my memory as the year of the big bloat, for once I thawed the stuff I figured I had to eat it all; eight fish sticks at one sitting would sicken a starving seal. The milk-and-TV-dinner year gave me a psychological trauma—the hand-painted peas did it—and made me go back to drinking my milk ration sensibly camouflaged in cups of tea.

This summer I made up my mind that, along with absinthe and Eskimo women, home-cooking and dish-washing were things I could do without. I also arrived at the conclusion that eating in restaurants was cheaper than eating at home. This brain-lapse was brought about by two things: the nauseating memory of my past efforts at self-reliance, and the acquisition of my restaurant credit card.

Now I could just hop downtown to dinner with nothing in my pocket but my credit card and a couple of bucks for mad money. I was going to really live it up.

My first disillusionment came the first evening, when I entered a joint that looked from the outside like a neon-lit French army barracks. A head waiter with a hairline mustache and an East Montreal Gallic accent tottered over to me on his Cuban heels and said, "Have you a reservation, M'sieu?"

"No," I admitted, pretty sure that the handful of expense-account playboys in the place didn't have one either.

"All our tables are reserved, M'sieu," he said, then added the clincher: "And besides, you are not wearing a necktie."

"Who're you kidding, Mac?" I asked, slipping back easily into my normal speech. "Whoever heard of wearing a tie or having to reserve a table in a saloon?"

He motioned to the biggest soup jockey in the dining room, who joined him eagerly, and they neatly stick-handled me into the street.

I ended up paying cash for a plate of liver-and-bacon in a one-arm lunchroom that would have been denied a license by the Shanghai health department.

For the next couple of weeks I went back to eating in the kind of restaurants where you can doff necktie and shirt when the humidity is more than sixty. They are a little weak on classy food and celebrities, but you never have to ask for the ketchup. And in their booths you get almost as much privacy as you would in a private dining room at Luchow's. Those two weeks, gastronomically speaking, were the happiest ones I spent all summer.

If you have been drooling enviously over those characters who eat regularly in places called "The Nookery," "Pierre's," "The Sun-Tan Room" and other such hedonistic dining saloons, be content with your lot. They are the end product of an ex-chef's climb to fame and an advertising copywriter's hunger. They'll accept anyone wearing a tie and able to pay the cover charge, but they cater mainly to wives who want to eat "something different for a change," and husbands who find it a diplomatic way of avoiding a supper of tinned fish disguised as tuna casserole.

I've never met Duncan Hines, but he must have developed a set of vulcanized taste buds in his travels around the eating-house circuit, or else I did. Honestly, I've seen place-to-dine recommendations on roadside barns that even the signs

reading "Children Cry For Castoria" have overlooked. I know it's a living, but why should my stomach suffer from Hines' mistakes?

There are two things that always disappoint me: stage plays and highly touted eating places. Last fall in Quebec City I saw the tourists queuing up at the door of a restaurant that enjoys a gourmets' reputation as one of the best places to dine in Canada. I decided to skip the line-up for dinner but to try the place out for Sunday breakfast. I ordered sausage and eggs, and after waiting long enough for the kitchen staff to slaughter and dress the animal involved, I was served two or three sausages that tasted like a sackful of sawdust and two eggs that had been deep fried in crankcase oil. Another highly recommended place, in Halifax, served a sixty-cent dinner for only a dollar eighty-five and gave me my choice of one vegetable and one dessert.

To most habitués of the snob soup lines the food is secondary to something intangible called "the atmosphere." As far as I am able to figure, the atmosphere in a high-priced restaurant is a combination of forty-watt bulbs, the sound of a relief-camp fugitive sawing away on a fiddle, and waiters who clean their cuffs with indiarubber erasers. These places base their popularity on the correct assumption that the stenographer and the out-of-town buyer at table A believe that the receptionist and the visiting fireman at table B are celebrities, and vice versa.

People who were raised on shepherd's pie and fish-and-chips get carried away in any eating place where the menu isn't chalked on the wall. They are so busy trying to appear blasé that they crumple their crackers in the vichysoisse and refill their water glasses from the finger-bowl.

Everybody but foreign diplomats and members of Burke's Peerage are intimidated by the wine steward, usually some poor old gink whose years in a damp wine cellar have given him two quite unrelated ailments, a reddened nose and chronic rheumatism. The uninitiated order a bottle of the wine that is easiest to pronounce. The wiseacres say, "I'll leave the selection to you, steward." They go for broke in either case, for if the wine they order is relatively cheap he brings them a magnum, and if they leave it to him he picks out a vintage teetering on the verge of becoming grape vinegar. Last spring, in Montreal, I watched an American tourist scan the wine list for ten minutes with much pseudo-erudite comment. He then ordered a bottle of domestic goof (inflated from 75¢ to \$2.35) that would make a hung-over wino flip his biscuit.

All successful restaurateurs, like carnival graft-joint proprietors, display their flash for the feminine half of their tip, or clientèle. Women eat with their eyes rather than their appetites, and the same woman who would turn up her nose at plebian roast spuds goes into raptures

over pomme de terre rissolées. For some reason that defies masculine logic, women on a reducing diet will gobble up a plateful of *petits fours*, on the assumption, I suppose, that a thousand calories in odd-shaped bits cannot possibly total as much as an eight-hundred-calorie wedge of Boston cream pie. Women are transported to the heights by the addition to mashed vegetables of a sprinkling of parsley, or by inedible ices hand-carved by amateurs. Gelatine has been a bigger boon to restaurant owners than the tipping habit, and there is literally no leftover that can't be suspended in the stuff and peddled the following day in fancy molds at fancy prices.

During my two months of dining out I rediscovered several things to know about restaurants. They are, not necessarily in the order of their importance: never try to eat a whole order of chow mein by yourself. Never call a napkin a serviette, it gives away your proletarian background. A restaurant can be judged by its brand of ketchup. A cup of coffee and a pot of tea both cost a dime, but there are two cups of tea in a pot. It costs twice as much for lamb chops decked out in frilly paper panties, but they are no more appetizing than breast of chicken fitted with a brassiere. Don't patronize cheap restaurants that put cream (or rather, milk) in your coffee before serving it. Nearly all restaurants offer dessert along with the dinner at no increase in price, but charge extra for the beverage. Take your dessert, even if you can only eat one bite—it might help to end this racket.

The best bargain for a hungry man is an order of braised ribs of beef and vegetables. A giant glass of tomato juice in most places is only one third larger than the ordinary size. Never buy hamburger steak or hash during the first two days of the week, it will be a holdover from last Thursday. If you have eaten a ninety-cent lunch and discover you only have a dime in your pocket, why cause an embarrassing fuss? Move farther down the counter, order coffee, and turn in your ten-cent second check to the cashier. You can judge a restaurant's kitchen-cleanliness by the state of its washrooms.

Don't patronize a place with a skinny chef. If a pie is cut into more than six slices, the rest of the meal will be undersized too. If you are hungry rather than just killing time, pick a restaurant that serves the meat or fish on a platter and the potatoes and vegetables in small side dishes. In most towns the best place to eat dinner is the biggest local hotel, and in cities one of the best places for lunch is a department-store dining room. Don't fall for the old saw that the best places to eat along the highway are those that cater to truck drivers; the food may be terrible but the waitresses sexy. Railroad dining cars are not as cheap as station restaurants, but the Chinese café across the street from the station is cheaper than both.

Never tell a waitress that she probably sleeps in her slip; plenty can happen to your food between the steam table and you. Never order a side dish of coleslaw; it's likely on the house, and if it isn't it should be. Never place a dime tip next to your plate before you order your dessert. Don't pick up the first thing you see on a cafeteria counter; the good things are always farther along. And never order something unknown in a Hungarian restaurant—it might turn out to be parsnips in sour cream.

And in closing, take a tip from Duncan Hines. When in doubt order bacon and eggs; there is very little harm even an amateur chef can do to them.

Bon appétit to you too. ★

My most memorable meal: No. 35

Sam Steinberg

tells about



The dish Europe couldn't match

I like to know all about food. Good food is both my business and my pleasure. I want to know where it comes from, how it is prepared and what it tastes like. When we went to Rome last year for the Third International Congress on Food Distribution, we extended our visit into a Cook's tour of Europe.

We had Dover sole in England, baked chicken in wine in France, goulash in Austria. The food was wonderful wherever we went. It was always imaginatively prepared and tastefully served. Often the surroundings were more exciting than the food. In Berne, Swiss businessmen yodeled for us. In Vienna, we heard gypsy music.

Once in Rome we went down flight after flight of narrow stairs to a cellar deep in the rock. I'll never forget that meal even though I don't remember what we had. It was like dining in a tomb.

We had two exceptional meals on the road. The first was in a little village outside Paris. We arrived there at noon and had our

lunch on the terrace outside the inn. What cheeses! What wines! Around us the villagers lunched, and read their papers. We felt we had lived there all our lives.

Then, south of Rome, we stopped at a country house. Every dish they served us was from the first picking, the choice of the crop. The service was exquisite. We were treated like royalty but I am sure no king ever dined as well.

We visited seven countries and everywhere we went we chose the finest restaurants and ate their specialties. Yet, of all the wonderful meals we had that summer, the one I remember best of all was the one my wife Helen served on our first night home.

She is a wonderful cook and knows many old-country dishes. My favorite is a chopped meat mixture rolled in cabbage leaves and cooked in tomato juice. And that is what she served. We had the best of Europe for nine weeks but none of it compared to my favorite dish, prepared by my wife and served at our family table.

MR. STEINBERG IS PRESIDENT OF A LARGE QUEBEC FOOD CHAIN.



"Macmillan enjoys the fencing but hates the brawling of politics"

indulged in any intrigue to reach supreme power but rose on the collapse of Anthony Eden and the failure of Rab Butler to hold his place as No. 2 in the hierarchy.

Yet the plain truth is that from the day that he took over the premiership he has had to fight on two fronts in a battle that never pauses. To put it in another way, he is never free of the fierce onslaught of home and foreign affairs.

Inflation is like a potent wine that is not only pleasant to the palate but exhilarating to the soul. Prices go up, wages go up, rents go up. Unhappily, people with fixed incomes, whether in wages, pensions or from gilt-edged government bonds, see the value of their holdings or their money sinking like the setting sun.

Let us look at this morning's Times and see what has happened to the gilt-edged government bonds issued during the war, or shortly afterward, at par. What could be better or safer than bonds guaranteed by the state? For brevity's sake let us leave out the fractions and content ourselves with plain basic figures. The issue price in each case was par 100 and here are some of today's quotations selected at random:

Conversion	61
Fund 3½%	64
Consolidated	46
War	61

In other words, these investors who put their faith and their money in Treasury Bonds now show a loss varying roughly from one third to one half. No wonder that the holders ask themselves if the word "gilt" should have the addition of one other letter of the alphabet.

Admittedly, these investors cannot raise an outcry for the double reason that it would be futile, and you cannot invoke public sympathy for people fortunate enough to have money to invest.

By contrast the "iniquitous Rent Act," introduced in the early days of Macmillan's administration, has produced an immense and bitter resentment. You will be aware that when the Hitler war broke out all rents, below a certain level, were frozen. This was a necessary interference with basic rights, which was accepted by the landlords with deep misgivings and by the tenants with vast relief.

Thus we were presented with war inflation and ever-rising prices while the unfortunate landlords were unable to secure possession of their own houses or to raise the rent in spite of the ever-increasing cost of maintenance and repairs.

With the widespread destruction of houses during the Blitz the situation became serious. In fact there was no building or rebuilding until sometime after the war had ended. At any rate the socialists were in power and one could hardly expect a left-wing government to care about the rights of landlords.

It was left to Strong Man Macmillan to announce, as prime minister, that the rights of ownership would be restored to the owners of houses above a certain rental level. It was a courageous action based on the fundamental rights of ownership, which is the very basis of a free society. But we were able to see the sharp reaction when in a by-election the

Tory majority was wiped out and the Labor candidate was elected.

In a situation like this the individual MP finds himself in a strange position. As in Canada, an MP is elected on party lines but is the servant of his constituents regardless of party politics. Thus a constituent writes to me that his landlord has delivered an ultimatum to the effect that unless the tenant pays an increased rental he will have to go. In the same post there is a letter from a landlord, complaining that his tenant refuses to pay an increased amount and can I intervene? The worrying but absolutely essential Rent Act has been nothing but a headache from the day that it was born.

Yet all this is of small importance compared with the gyrations of the mighty trade-union movement. To put it



MACLEAN'S

bluntly, the purpose of trade unionism is to secure an ever-rising standard of living for its members. That is understandable, but it is perfectly obvious that unless increased wages are balanced by increased production the cost of living must go up in unison. There is nothing new in this nor is Great Britain the only country that faces such a problem.

Except on Fridays, each day's session in the House of Commons opens first with prayers and then an hour of questions put to the appropriate ministers, who answer for their departments. The questions are printed on the Order Paper, with the result that the occupants of the public gallery hear this kind of thing: MR. SPEAKER: Number 21. HOME SECRETARY: No, sir.

But then comes the cut and thrust. The MP who has put down the question rises again and says, "While thanking the minister for his reply, is he aware that it will cause dismay throughout the country? (Hear! Hear!) Will he not agree, in fact, that his abrupt dismissal of my question is just another example of the insufferable arrogance . . ."

MR. SPEAKER: Order! Order! The honorable gentleman must not make a speech.

MR. GAITSKELL (intervening): While thanking you, sir, for that ruling is it not a fact, Mr. Speaker, that the minister either does not know the answer or else he is indulging his natural instinct for . . .

MR. SPEAKER: Order! Order! I think we had better get on with the next question. Number 22.

Normally, such a ruling ends the incident but a few days ago the same process brought Macmillan and Hugh

Gaitskell into a head-on collision, which was not only bitter but destroyed forever the legend that nothing could upset the equanimity of the premier with the walrus mustache. The opposition front bench were putting questions to the prime minister about the demand of the medical service for more pay and whether the government intended to side-step as it did in another case recently. Macmillan stalled effectively until Gaitskell, as leader of the opposition, demanded to know whether the government intended to impose a veto on any recommendations for changes in salary scales among doctors and dentists.

Flushed with anger, the prime minister rose and then snapped, "No! Only the right honorable gentleman would make so foolish a supposition."

At which bedlam broke loose, with the Tories roaring with ironic laughter and the Laborites shouting with anger. So up sprang Gaitskell, and when the noise subsided he said, "The prime minister is as usual rude and arrogant!" At which the socialists let out a vociferous roar of anger and approval.

Such an incident would be of no special importance except that it marks an important change in the attitude of Macmillan to his heavy task. Unlike most British prime ministers, he has not had a deep experience of ministerial office. He was a great success as minister of housing but this task was practical rather than political and in principle had the support of both sides. In the war he held an administrative post under General Eisenhower, and in Churchill's peace-time administration he had a brief spell as foreign secretary. But in none of these posts did he come into any head-on collisions with the opposition.

By temperament he enjoys a duel of wits, but he loathes the brawling and shouting that seem inseparable from parliamentary democracy. Nor can he look beyond the frontiers of the island kingdom for achievements of glory. The triumphant arrogance of Russia is not easy to bear nor can he claim that America and Britain are completely of one mind and one voice. As for our closest ally, France, there seems a relentless dipping sunset of the glory that once was hers.

It was said of Stanley Baldwin that he resigned the premiership without a single regret, and I do not doubt that Macmillan is experiencing the pangs of disenchantment, but it would be a mistake to imagine that his successor would have an easier task.

How simple by comparison is the task of Mr. Khrushchev of Moscow. Each day he is extolled to the skies by a servile press. Each day the people acclaim his genius and his vision even as they did with Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin, Beria and Malenkov in turn. The fact that Trotsky was murdered, that Stalin was undoubtedly poisoned, that Beria was executed and that Malenkov has been sent to obscurity, makes no difference. Until Nemesis plays the ace of trumps, the leaders of Soviet triumph move in the trailing clouds of glory.

Again and again Britain has emerged from her troubles and found a unity that has brought all classes together for a time. It is our hope and our belief that this will happen again, but at the moment our hope is stronger than our belief. ★

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How mental illness is attacking our immigrants continued from page 9



LONELY immigrant plays for himself at a deserted Toronto social centre.



HOMESICK youths keep spirits up in a "cold" land by writing letters home.

"Canadians refuse to accept us," newcomers complain. "We're forced to live . . . as a race apart"

miscreant with a non-Anglo-Saxon name is automatically classified by the public as a New Canadian. Using this method of identification, in 1955 a high official in the attorney-general's office in Ontario stated flatly that "ninety percent of the murders in this province in the last three years were committed by immigrants." Later, he had to retract this statement because it was grossly inaccurate.

But there is little doubt about there being more mental illness among the foreign-born than among the native population. A national study by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics considered the mental health of New Canadians during 1948-55, by year of their arrival. In five of these eight yearly groups the first admission rate of immigrants to mental hospital was about ten percent higher than for the non-immigrant population. The report was prepared in 1956 and, significantly, the immigrants who had the best mental-health records were those who arrived in 1954 and 1955. More of these may have experienced breakdowns since 1955. The Canadian Medical Journal explains that many immigrants arrive in this country emotionally weakened by hardship and punishment suffered in their former countries. "Studies in grief," says a Journal editorial, "show that a lapse of time, measurable in years, may elapse between the initial distressing event and the overt, acute reaction to it."

The emotional hazards of settling in a strange country are reflected in other studies as well. Dr. George C. Sisler, of Winnipeg, after surveying first admissions to Manitoba's mental hospitals in 1952, found that the New Canadians had a twenty percent higher rate than the general population. James Wanklin, a research assistant in psychiatry at the University of Western Ontario, after studying the two thousand patients who had been admitted to two Ontario mental hospitals between 1950 and 1952, concluded that immigrant males between the ages of fifteen and forty-four who had been in the country five years or less had an admission rate about forty percent higher than nonimmigrants. Studies in the United States reveal that much the same situation exists there.

However, there's an impression among many observers that the immigrant breakdown rate is higher than the statistics show. "Most New Canadians shy

away from psychiatric clinics," says Dr. Alastair MacLeod, a McGill University psychiatrist. Furthermore, a Toronto physician told me, "Many doctors don't report mental illness found in New Canadian patients. They don't want them deported." In the last eleven years the Department of Citizenship and Immigration has deported eight hundred immigrants for reasons of "physical and mental health."

The mental-illness rate of immigrants may zoom upward because of the thirty-five thousand Hungarians admitted in 1956. In their case, immigration authorities waived the usual rule that bars people with a history of mental illness. A psychiatrist who worked with a large group of Hungarians who arrived in Toronto told me, "I saw several psychotics among them. One man told me he came to Canada to escape his factory supervisor but he could still hear her voice, quite plainly, shouting at him. Two or three people showed the scars of brain operations. One had been operated on three times for a brain injury."

"They're frightened strangers"

By symptoms, perhaps the greatest difference between the immigrant and non-immigrant mental patient is the frequency with which the former experiences feelings of suspiciousness and persecution. "It's not surprising that they show paranoid trends," says Dr. Victor Szyrinski, a Polish psychiatrist now at the University of Ottawa. "They're frightened strangers in a new country who don't understand what's going on about them."

Dr. Libuse Tyhurst, after studying forty-eight New Canadian mental patients at Montreal's Royal Victoria Hospital, discovered several male patients who believed that Canadian government authorities and employers had it in for them; that they were being spied on. A Toronto social agency told me about a client, a German woman over here for five years. She had gone to a lawyer, complaining that people on the street and on buses were laughing and talking about her. A TV performer, she claimed, insulted her during a program she was viewing. "I recognized him as a former RCAF pilot who bombed our city in Germany. He hates me and all Germans," she said.

While the mental health of the

foreign-born lags behind the national average, they surpass the native Canadian, according to a recent immigration-department report, in their ability to live within the law. Surveying crime in Canada for the years 1951-54, the report concluded that the *over-all* crime rate of the foreign-born was only half that of the native Canadian. The report showed that immigrants born in the U.S. had the highest rate of conviction, followed by the Scandinavians and the British. The Italians were the least frequent offenders.

Differences in the "crime pattern" of the two groups are revealed by the study. In the foreign-born group, assault offenses and homicide rank second and eleventh, respectively, in the list of thirteen crime categories. In the native group, they hold fourth and thirteenth place.

A closer examination of the study shows that certain groups of New Canadians—notably of Polish, German and Russian origin—when they do resort to violence, are provoked by anger in the heat of the moment. They are not likely to commit premeditated acts. The Hamilton and District Soccer League, in which the majority of players are New Canadians, is a case in point. In a recent match a disputed decision led to fierce fighting, involving players and fans. It was the third such incident in the season. Again, the ethnic press is constantly urging readers to restrain themselves at political and social gatherings of ethnic groups. Dr. Victor Kaye, a citizenship official who is an authority on ethnic groups, offers an explanation for these explosions. "The New Canadian's social contacts are limited; he can't speak the language; he's afraid to criticize anybody or anything. Feelings of frustration and anger build up inside him. Occasionally, he relieves himself by bursting out in violence."

It's possible that the 1956 influx of unscreened Hungarian immigrants will appreciably raise the crime rate of New Canadians in the near future. A number of newly arrived Hungarians told me that it's probable that a large number of prison inmates came over to Canada with them: during the revolt prison gates were thrown open. Only a few weeks ago a Toronto court sentenced a twenty-six-year-old Hungarian for viciously beating up a lawyer. There was no provocation. After the trial Crown Counsel Bowman Galbraith observed that

"quite a large number of criminals from Hungarian prisons have come to Toronto and are beating and extorting money from their fellow Hungarian immigrants." At about the same time, the Rev. Paul Piszai, spiritual director of the Hungarian community in Ottawa, complained that at least a dozen Hungarian girls had been beaten and tortured by a gang of fifty youths newly arrived from Hungary.

The greatest mental-health hazard to non-English-speaking New Canadians is the manner in which they are rejected by the vast majority of native Canadians. From New Canadians I heard the same story over and over again: "Canadians refuse to accept us. We are forced to live in isolation as a race apart." A foreign-born member of the staff of Toronto's International Institute, a private organization which encourages social activities between immigrants and native Canadians, told me, "Even liberal-minded Canadians who do volunteer work with ethnic groups . . . won't associate with us outside our club or invite us into their homes." The editor of a Polish newspaper described how he lived in a "Canadian" neighborhood for six years. "Not a single door was opened to us. Once a father came to our house to inquire about the whereabouts of his child. That's the closest we've ever come to social contact."

According to psychiatrist H. E. Lehmann, clinical director of the Verdun Protestant Hospital, professional people are often no better than laymen in accepting New Canadians. He says, "Psychiatrists are often hostile toward New Canadians, especially when they criticize our Canadian way of life." A supervisor of a large social agency told me, "Some of our social workers freeze up if a new client speaks in a foreign language." This unfriendliness can have disastrous effects on the newcomers: they feel inferior, inadequate and their personalities disintegrate. "As soon as a person is isolated he develops a hunger for social contacts," says Alastair MacLeod of McGill. "If he is too long deprived he becomes unfit to accept social contacts. He may build his own world of paranoia."

Can the New Canadian's isolation be blamed on his own stand-offishness? It's true that many immigrants refuse to take the initiative in making friends with Canadians. A Greek housewife told me, "We're strangers here and we're afraid

to take the first step for fear of being refused." The New Canadian is often criticized for setting up his own social and cultural groups. One doctor told me—and his views are shared by many native Canadians—"They should be scattered all over the city and thus forced to become Canadian." Most authorities on immigrant problems disagree. Dr. Victor Szyrynski, of the University of Ottawa, for example, says, "It's only natural for people in a strange land to want to live with their own group. Nor is it necessarily a bad thing." It gives the newcomer a chance to learn something of the problems facing him from people who speak his language and have had a similar experience. Furthermore, the immigrant doesn't remain in his ghetto indefinitely. Many of them move out when they begin to feel secure.

According to Dr. Alexander Szatmari, a Toronto psychiatrist who comes in contact with many non-English-speaking immigrants, the extent to which an immigrant will withstand social rejection as well as the other rigors of his early life in Canada will depend mainly on three factors: his motives in coming here, the robustness of his personality and the amount of knowledge he has about conditions in Canada.

The worst risk is the immigrant who made a quick decision to come to Canada and who was chiefly motivated by the desire to run away from a personal problem. The Canadian Mental Health Association reports that the recent Hungarian immigrants included "an unusual number of people with broken marriages and personality problems." Says Richard Kolm, of the International Institute, "The problem of adjusting to the new conditions here is often only an added pressure."

"What will happen to me?"

The first years are usually fraught with anxiety and insecurity. The chances are the immigrant came from a country where the state looked after him when he became ill or unemployed. In Canada he soon realizes that the social-security system won't attend to all his needs. He lies awake nights, wrestling with the nightmarish question, "What will happen to me if I become sick or lose my job?" He dreads these eventualities because he knows they are sometimes valid grounds for deportation.

Whipped by these painful fears, he desperately tries to make as much money as possible, as quickly as possible. Money spells security. This early struggle is often damaging to his physical and mental health. A European army officer and his wife came to Canada and were forced to leave their two-year-old child behind. The father felt guilty about it. To provide a suitable home for the child as soon as possible, he worked in a store by day and as a bartender's assistant at night. Six months of this back-breaking routine, plus the burden of guilt that he carried, led to a psychotic breakdown. A twenty-eight-year-old German worked for six months and amassed enough money to send for his wife and infant daughter in Frankfurt. No sooner had he mailed off the tickets than he lost his job and couldn't find another. When the woman and her child arrived in Canada, he wasn't at the station to meet them. Indeed, he seemed to have disappeared. Some days later he was found wandering the streets suffering from amnesia and too ill to eat or sleep. He is now in a mental hospital.

Like other parish priests ministering to New Canadians, Father Michael Smith, of Toronto's St. Casimir's Church, has seen such emotional damage. Most of his

congregation are Poles who have come here since the end of World War II. "I'm often visited by couples who have been pushing themselves for maybe three, four or five years. Both husband and wife have worked long hours. They've taken no holidays. Now they've got some money, maybe a house. But they're nervous, high-strung and depressed. They don't have to work as hard any more but they don't know how to relax. I've had five suicides in my parish during the past five years."

Besides having to grapple with the

problem of economic survival, many immigrants arrive in Canada handicapped by an unrealistic conception of their new land. An immigration official told me, "I have seen newcomers on the train rolling westward from Halifax terrified by the physical size of the country. They wonder, 'What kind of endless wilderness am I getting into?' Often, their ideas about our living standards are false. 'Many of them feel that our streets are paved with gold,' says John Eckert, an immigration job-placement officer in Toronto. They are sure that they will soon

have homes, cars, TV sets and other luxuries, unaware that many Canadians can't afford them even after years of hard work. Many laborers believe that hundred-dollar-a-week jobs are going begging.

For many New Canadians, the greatest struggle during the early days is for what sociologists call "vertical adjustment." In other words, they seek a place in society of comparable level to that which they enjoyed in their native land. The tragic figures in this struggle are some members of the professional and intellectual

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classes. They can't qualify in their former professions; they can't speak English; they're mostly in their forties and fifties, when it's difficult to start over again. Thus, the former editor-in-chief of a literary magazine wraps parcels; a former respected member of parliament runs an elevator; a well-known lawyer works as a hospital orderly; an army officer and a school inspector work on a factory production line. How many such people there are cannot be determined exactly. One study, by Miss C. L. Grant of the citizenship branch of the Department of Citizenship and Immigration, claims that twelve percent of a New Canadian group surveyed had "a greatly lowered occupational status" than in Europe. Frank Glogowski, editor of a Polish-language paper, estimates that about fifteen percent of the Poles who came here since War II are in this class. They feel useless and frustrated, and degraded because they must work with their hands and associate with people of lesser education.

One such unhappy figure comes from a distinguished old European family and graduated from university with honors. The best job he could get in Canada is as janitor in an office building. Ashamed, he has kept the nature of his work secret from everyone, including his wife. When asked about his job, he replies vaguely that he's in "business administration." In an attempt to put on a false front, he's been living beyond his means and is now in financial difficulty. To make matters worse, his wife—who knows some English—started working six months ago and now holds a responsible office job. Formerly cheerful and charming, he is now bitter, irritable, taciturn and voluble in his criticism of Canada.

A European physician, now practicing in Montreal, told me, "I know a number of people of this sort. Some have been in the country as long as ten years. They have as little contact as possible with Canadians. Psychologically, they're still not in Canada. They probably never will be."

In addition to occupational maladjustment, many New Canadians face possible dislocation within their own family circles. Family relationships in many European countries differ from those in Canada. The family tends to be "father-dominated." The North American custom of the wife working at a separate job, having her own bank account and pursuing her own interests with considerable freedom is one the husband finds it hard to get accustomed to.

However, conflicts between New Canadian parents and their children are even more frequent. The children mingle freely with Canadians of their own ages at school and on the street and soon acquire their language, values and interests. Brought up in a different culture, the parents sometimes resent this acceptance of what to them is strange. An American sociologist cites the case—and it could easily have happened in Canada—of the twelve-year-old boy who wanted to watch boxing on TV. The father was furious and ordered his son to bed. "Boxing is vulgar and barbaric," he said. The boy went to his room but refused to go to sleep. From the living room the father could hear the son repeating, "Down with foreigners! Foreigners are anti-American!"

Language is often the subject of conflict. Many New Canadian parents make a rule—and it's usually an unpopular one—that their children speak their native tongue at home. A Polish parent explained why. "The main reason is emotional. We think children should speak the language of their parents and grandparents. Second, how can our children inherit our culture if they don't know the mother

tongue?" Another reason is that without a common family language parental control is weakened.

In time, as the cultural gulf between parents and children widens, the children may become increasingly defiant. They may become ashamed of their parents and refuse to invite their friends home to meet them. "The child torn between two cultures may grow up to be hypersensitive, anxious and hostile," says Victor Kaye, of the Department of Citizenship and Immigration.

If the non-English-speaking New Canadian happens to be a single male he has his own special problems to face. His prospects of enjoying female company or finding a woman he can marry are dim. If he hopes to marry a New Canadian girl, he finds they're in short supply. For example, 1956 immigration statistics show that only half as many females as males between the ages of twenty and thirty arrived in this country. They are usually

Royal Victoria Hospital, the immigrant feels excited and on top of the world. He has arrived in body, but not in mind. The next period—roughly up to about six months—is the period of "psychological arrival." He has now come face-to-face with the practical problems of living. During this period New Canadians are apt to be anxious, depressed and critical.

From the point of view of the native Canadian, the most irritating symptom displayed by the immigrant during his early months here is his habit of criticizing life in Canada. No facet is immune—our women, food, housing, weather and culture. Most Canadians react to this criticism and argue back. They feel hurt because the New Canadian is so ungrateful. "This is the wrong approach," says H. E. Lehmann, of the Verdun Protestant Hospital. "Even though it may be difficult, we must accept the immigrant's criticism. It's inevitable. It's like adopting a child who's been mistreated—you can't expect him to be reasonable in all the things he says."

The stress and strain of the early months frequently results in symptoms of physical illness in the immigrant. Victor Kaye, of the citizenship department, has been impressed by the large number of cases of psychosomatic illnesses found among New Canadians—chronic fatigue, insomnia, asthma, palpitations and stomach troubles. "Sickness can be used as an escape mechanism," says Dr. Alex Szatmari, a Toronto Hungarian psychiatrist. "It's also an effective way to obtain love and attention—two things that many new settlers desperately lack."

After about two years, with average luck, most immigrants are handling their problems and beginning to feel at home. For many who are not, the end of the road may be a mental breakdown. Clergymen, social workers and psychiatrists face at least two serious difficulties when they try to help. One is that the New Canadian often refuses psychiatric help. Dr. Anthony Meszaros, a Montreal psychiatrist, told me, "I've found it difficult to explain to New Canadians what psychiatry is. They fear it. Everything connected with mental illness and mental hospitals terrifies them. During my years in clinic in Montreal I rarely had an immigrant patient who came on his own." Dr. R. O. Jones, professor of psychiatry at Dalhousie University, comments, "One of the reasons they keep away is that they live in constant fear of being deported."

Another difficulty in helping maladjusted immigrants is that there are not enough therapists who speak their native languages. "The use of interpreters in psychotherapy doesn't work very well," says Dr. John Dewan, director of the Toronto Psychiatric Hospital Outpatients' Clinic. "Patients hold back in the presence of a third person." A psychiatrist in a Quebec hospital told me, "We're so handicapped by language that sometimes we don't know whether we're dealing with a patient who's mildly or seriously ill. At times we've been forced to put the patient on the phone with a doctor in another hospital who speaks his language."

What can be done to help the New Canadian to adjust with a minimum of emotional wear and tear? Perhaps the best way to answer this question is to summarize the suggestions I received from dozens of people I interviewed:

First, they advised caution. Integration must be a free process. "Any pressure to integrate us will have the opposite effect," a New Canadian told me. Like his fellow countrymen, he still remembers foreign conquerors who attempted to assimilate them by threat, lash and

prison. A woman entered the study of a Catholic priest, whose parishioners were mostly Polish, and gave him a tongue lashing for preaching in Polish. "It's absolutely disgraceful!" she scolded. "You must switch over to English at once!" Later, the priest told me, "Had this woman been a little calmer, I might have explained to her that recently I've started to give one sermon a week in English. I'll increase that number just as soon as more of my parishioners learn the language. It's foolish to try to make my people accept an entirely new way of life completely. They would rebel. Leave them alone, and they will accept Canadian life in small doses of their own free will."

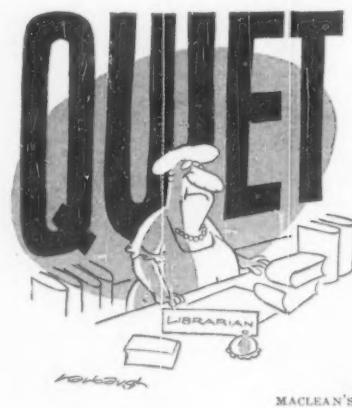
It would be helpful if the public were prepared for the settlement of large numbers of immigrants by a vigorous program of education. "Too many people think that adjustment is easy," says Dr. Charles Roberts, a psychiatrist with the Department of Health and Welfare, Ottawa. The press, radio, television, film and speakers should be used to spread information. Churches and private organizations could assume a more active interest in New Canadian problems. A Canadian program of education should include a sober and scientific explanation of the fact that many Canadians will dislike and fear the New Canadians. It's not unnatural to hate strangers. "We should be told that we must accept criticism from them without striking back," says Dr. Lehman. "It's not being disloyal—it's being therapeutic. Striking back at these people at this time only makes matters worse. We should feel big enough and secure enough to realize that our country is not in danger."

Our program of teaching New Canadians English should be stepped up. Language is important: it helps immigrants get jobs; encourages them to mix socially; gives them an insight into Canadian attitudes; tends to diminish their feelings of persecution. "We've only made a beginning at tackling this problem," says an immigration official, who points out that most of the classes are in large cities. "Any town with ten immigrants should organize a class. If there're fewer, individuals should undertake to instruct them."

Something should be done to make the New Canadians feel that they are not a race apart. At a community level they should be invited to take part in Community Chest drives, blood-donor campaigns; churches, schools, libraries, organizations should design their programs to include New Canadians. Social events should be held where the immigrants can meet with Canadians and talk about living in Canada. Perhaps such group activities will help New Canadians make friends and lead to invitations to Canadian homes. Acceptance by Canadian families, on an equal level, is the cherished goal of most New Canadians.

Finally, psychiatric clinics and social agencies should expand their services to take care of New Canadians with serious problems in adjustment. They should include staff members who speak foreign languages. They should advertise their services. One of the largest social agencies in Canada doesn't have a single sign in a foreign language explaining how they can help the newcomer.

Perhaps if such measures were adopted, we could more effectively communicate to the New Canadian that we care about him. He would be spared the emotionally corroding feeling that results from rejection. And, in this atmosphere of friendliness and acceptance, he could soon achieve his goal of being a healthy and useful member of our society. ★



MACLEAN'S

besieged by offers of marriage as soon as they're off the boat. But some New Canadian girls are reluctant to marry other immigrants. "We don't want to be dominated," they say. "Canadian men are easier to live with."

The New Canadian who aspires to court a Canadian girl runs the risk of being cold-shouldered. A young Pole said, "Canadian girls talk and dance with us at an affair sponsored by an organization or a club, but they won't date with us privately." A blond Italian, with a fairly good command of English, said, "I've gone out with girls who didn't know I was Italian. When they found out, they dropped me. Women here tend to regard you as a 'dirty immigrant.'"

How does the New Canadian resolve his problem? He can attempt to ignore it—but deprivation can lead to severe and troubling frustrations and serious sex conflicts. He may, as many do, resort to prostitutes. On the other hand, he may, as some do, become more aggressive in his search for women and this sometimes involves him with the law.

Some of the New Canadian's difficulty is the result of the difference in Canadian and European wooing habits. In some European countries the "pick-up" is a socially acceptable way for people of the opposite sexes to meet. A man who tries the same thing in Canada may be hauled in by the police. Again, in certain European countries, certain remarks and expressions are regarded as invitations to the man to greater intimacy. Here they are without meaning and hence misinterpreted.

Social scientists have made an attempt to chart the psychological ups-and-downs of the immigrant from the moment of his arrival. During the first few weeks, according to Libuse Tyhurst, of Montreal's



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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE



Franz von Werra (left) is brought back to life by German Hardy Kruger.



Maclean's in the movies

We've often seen our stories as TV plays or documentaries, developed into books, condensed by the digests, and otherwise living on to a ripe old age. Many of our authors—W. G. Hardy is a current example—have sprung from Maclean's pages into new careers or exciting sidelines. Professor Hardy, for instance, published his first short story in Maclean's in 1926 and credits us with starting him off as a writer. Now his new historical novel, *The City of Liberties*, is drawing the plaudits of both historians and fiction fans.

In the early future other friends and contributors of ours will be breaking out on the movie marques.

Two Maclean's pieces, *The Only Man the Allies Didn't Beat* (Maclean's, Oct. 27, 1956) and *The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw* (Maclean's, April 1, 1954), will soon be on the screens of your favorite local show.

The first of these, the thrilling story of how Nazi airman Franz von Werra escaped by jumping from a POW train taking him to the Canadian hinterland, we found in the then-unpublished book, *The One That Got Away*, by English authors Kendal Burt and James Leasor. The second, the very funny story of an English butler who inadvertently became *The Law in a rootin' tootin' western cowtown*,

came to us from the practiced pen of veteran Jacob Hay.

We've just received the list of players who'll bring these epics to the screen. Without surprise we learned that Hardy Kruger, the Berlin-born star of more than twenty films, will play the role of his brash and brave countryman, Von Werra (*see cuts, top*). Von Werra's widow—the airman married soon after his escape from Canada, then was killed on a North Sea patrol—has given the film her blessing. In fact, the photo that actor Kruger will be carrying in his wallet in the movie will be a photo of the real-life Frau von Werra.

The casting for *The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw*, however, made us stare at the wall for a few long minutes. Kenneth More, the irrepressible curlyhead of the post-war *Doctor in the House . . . at Sea . . . etc.* series, will become Lucretius Plimsleigh, elegant butler to the Earl of Eggsford, and the eventual Eighteen-Gun Pimsey, conqueror of the Salinas Kid and Black Hands McGinty.

More's co-star was described in Jacob Hay's original prose: "Miss Bishop, the new schoolteacher, was petite, red-haired and of firm character. She had dimples and her nose tilted slightly heavenward . . ." To the movie men, the choice was obvious (*see below*).



The fictional schoolmarm, Helen Bishop (drawn, left, for Maclean's by Duncan Macpherson), will be played by the ubiquitous Jayne Mansfield.



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* * *

A traveler who does a lot of driving about New Brunswick reports that it's been quite a hunting season in that area — every day he's passed home-bound hunters with several deer tied across their cars, and occasionally a bear. He saw a new one, though, the day he pulled up at a CNR crossing at Plaster Rock to let a fast freight go through. Pulling it was one of the latest diesel engines and lashed to the cab outside the engineer's window was a brace of rabbits.

* * *

A Mountie in the Nelson area of B.C. surprised a hunter who had just dropped a deer, and asked to see his hunting license. The man insisted he had one but searched through all his pockets without producing it, so the constable ordered him to bring his kill and come to the police post. At this the irate hunter balked—if the Mountie wanted the deer for evidence he could haul it out to the road himself. The puffing Mountie had just made it when the hunter, who had been protesting his innocence all the way, cried excitedly, "I found it!" Triumphantly he waved the missing license under the policeman's nose and a mo-

lobby he pushed his friend's bell to be let in. The host rather playfully replied, via the speaker system, with an imitation of a barking dog. His visitor playfully barked back, and then turned in embarrassment to discover this couple had entered the building behind him and were standing there, eyes bulging.

"Beg your pardon," he stammered, thinking fast. "You see, I forgot my key



and I've trained my dog to let me in." At which instant the upstairs barker finally pushed the buzzer, the downstairs barker fled inside and the dumbfounded couple in the lobby were left to their own wild imaginings.

* * *

We trust Alberta Highway No. 2 between Peace River and Whitecourt now lies firm and solid-packed with a smooth paving of snow, but such is not always the case. A Peace River resident has sent us a snapshot of a road sign, professionally lettered and mounted squarely on two posts, but not quite a perfect imitation of the regular highway-department signs. The sign says, "Caution—rough break ahead next 184 miles — watch closely for highway." And exactly 184 miles farther south, on Highway No. 43, the same anonymous traveler has erected another sign: "End of rough break."

* * *

A woman whose house adjoins a railway yard in a town in northwestern Ontario tells us she sees some strange little dramas from her box seat. Such as the afternoon she watched a young lad, who was crossing the yard carrying an air rifle, encounter a big old steam engine parked right in his path. The lad looked up at the fireman who looked silently down at the lad. The lad raised his air rifle and let fire at the fireman. The fireman gave no sign of being hit but hurriedly poked the nozzle of the engine hose out the window of the cab and returned the fire with a stream of water. The boy wiped his dripping head on his sleeve and, circling the engine, went on his way. And neither of them ever did say a word.



ment later he drove happily off with his deer strapped to the hood of his own car, leaving the Mountie draped in exhausted dejection over the hood of his.

* * *

If a perfectly normal couple in Toronto have suddenly decided to see a psychiatrist we know the reason why. A local citizen tells us he went to call on an apartment-dwelling friend and in the

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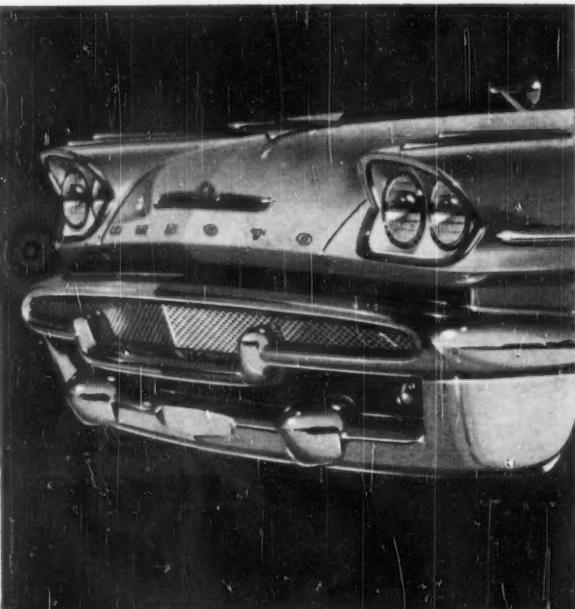
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